

A noted doctor
talks about
alcohol and
tranquilizers

COVER: WILLIAM WINTER
Cornucopia, Canada

How Canadian veterans are fighting the peace

PROF. N. J. BERRILL ARGUES: WOMEN SHOULD RUN THE WORLD

MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY 15 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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COOL BEAUTY
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FIERY SPIRIT

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 15, 1958

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Coming fast: a four-day week for union men
- ✓ One snag left, then private-station color TV

THE FOUR-DAY WORK WEEK is labor's next big target, and it may come soon. Already one in 10 unionized office workers has a 35-hour (or less) week. Machinists and Steel Workers have both approved union convention resolutions demanding 30-hour weeks. Auto workers will probably be next: "We think the four-day week is coming very quickly," says Canadian UAW director **George Burt**. If and when it does come, expect a federal-government ministry of leisure to be set up on lines already developed in several European countries and B.C., where a Nanaimo undertaker, **Earle Westwood**, became the province's first minister of recreation last spring.



Cloche

WOMEN WHO LISTEN TO THE DICTATES of their milliners will have no more than two hat styles to choose between for a while. The ones who want to top off the flapper look they get in a sack dress will be offered several variations on an ear-enveloping theme called the "cloche." Second choice: the "Breton," which will, the designers assert, "impart the fresh frivolous look of a French sailor on leave."

METRO GOVERNMENT MODELED ON TORONTO'S SYSTEM has been put off by Montreal planners until 1960 at the earliest. In January metro licensing of taxis had been definitely tabled for '58, to be followed by adjustments in municipal financing and a bid in 1959 for the new provincial legislation needed to clear the way for full metro government. Now **Mayor Fournier**, alarmed by administrative troubles in Toronto, has issued orders to hold everything until Montreal experts can work out methods to sidestep the "shortcomings" in Toronto's system.

FIRST REGULAR BROADCASTS OF COLOR TV in Canada are being held up only by a technicality. CFPL, a private station in London, Ont., is ready and anxious to start color broadcasts. According to station manager **Murray Brown** the CBC doesn't object but because the government hasn't yet considered the Fowler Report (which recommended local colorcasts by private stations) the Transport Department has no legal power to grant color-TV licenses. Until it does, CFPL will have to wait.

MACLEAN'S READERS WHO RECALL The Last of the Curlews, ex-staffer **Fred Bodsworth's** novel that appeared first in these pages and went on to critical success and book-club selection between hard covers, may want to make a note of a new Bodsworth book due soon. The Barnacle of Bara, judged "magnificent" by its publishers, is in the Bodsworth vein: the story of a rare Barnacle goose and his search for a mate.

PREVIEWING MEN'S FASHIONS Big buildup coming for "elegance" / the Ivy League style that isn't Ivy

MEN WHO JEER at fickle feminine fashions are due to discard the casual clothes they've been wearing for years in favor of trimly tailored, dark-hued and even "elegant" dress. They are, that is, if a \$3-million-a-year propaganda barrage backed up by every clothing salesman on the continent and helped by a natural swing away from sloppy sportswear can make "the formal look" stick.

The big push started in the U.S., where men's clothing makers have banded for a last-ditch assault on hide-bound dressing habits. That's where the big-money propaganda campaign is coming from; but Canadian clothing men are in the same mood. Here are some of their new wrinkles:

- ✓ The Ivy League approach—After a

long slow buildup a little-padded style labeled Ivy League is now the smartest thing with pants at most men's shops.

"The lean Ivy look has sparked more buying than any new trend of the past," applauds Vancouver clothier **Murray Lambert**. In practice, though, the Ivy influence stops pretty well at the label. "Most Canadian men," says a Toronto manufacturer, referring to the padless stovepipe-legged suits worn at eastern U.S. colleges, "wouldn't be caught dead in a true Ivy League suit."

- ✓ The "go formal" approach—Manufacturers are promoting evening dress more vigorously than for decades.

- ✓ The "catch 'em young" approach—If they can indoctrinate youngsters with a sense of fashion, clothing men reason,

WATCH FOR A BOLD PLAN TO PRODUCE FEATURE MOVIES BASED ON BOOKS BY TOP NATIVE NOVELISTS



Callaghan

MOVIEMAKERS to watch: **Norman Klenman** and **Bill Davidson**, a fired-up young producing team that began shooting feature movies in Toronto this month with a screen-play adapted from four **Morley Callaghan** short stories. Their heady ambition: to follow up with a long line of dramatic features based on the work of Canada's foremost novelists.

The Callaghan film, tentatively titled *Now That April's Here*, will be offered to moviegoers this spring if a tight production schedule mounted on a \$75,000 budget is met.

Callaghan himself believes "these boys may be opening up an astonishing field. If this thing comes off on their budget they've got a kind of gold mine." For their part, Davidson and Klenman are eager to acquire Callaghan's novel, *The Loved and The Lost*.

In all, they've scanned 200 Canadian books; they've talked to **Mordecai Rich-**

ler (Maclean's, Feb. 13) about rights to his *Son of a Smaller Hero*, and to **Ernest Buckler** about *The Mountain and the Valley*. Dramatists like **Lister Sinclair** and **Arthur Hailey** don't fit their plans: "We're both writers. When the time comes to shoot original scripts we have a trunkful of our own."

There's one unusual success they've scored even before their first film is on the screen. Usually it's almost impossible for newcomers to finance a film through production. So Klenman and Davidson started making TV shorts and commercial films when they left the Film Board to freelance 18 months ago.

At the same time they began selling investors on dramatic features. Now Klenman-Davidson Productions Ltd. is backed by a 10-man group of hard-headed Ontario businessmen who've put up enough money to produce *Now That April's Here* and at least one more full-length movie by the end of 1958.



Richler

PENSION PREVIEW More money for more people?

THE AMOUNT of "social security" Canadians now at work can look forward to could hang on the findings of Dr. Robert Clark, a little-known U.B.C. economics professor. Clark is surveying the world's pension plans for the government; he's also a man on a hot-seat. His predecessor lasted less than two weeks before he was ousted by political crossfire.

Good advice and leading questions rattled down on Gordon Huson, a former U.K. business journalist and now University of Western Ontario business administration professor, even before he'd been briefed in Ottawa. Most on-lookers assumed he'd concentrate almost exclusively on the social security system in the U.S. Not necessarily, Huson said. He'd tour Europe as well—taking a particularly hard look at Sweden's pension plan — and might make a side-trip to Australia.

His most pressing problem was also an explosive political conundrum: in, say, Newfoundland, Huson told a press conference, Health Minister McGrath already objects that a husband and wife who are paid \$110 a month are often drawing more money than they've ever

earned in their lives. But in booming price-inflated B.C. pensioners are hard pressed to pay room-rent and buy bread.

Any formula for varying benefits in these areas will have to be almost miraculously convincing not to be howled down by cries of regional discrimination. Huson himself was howled out of his job within days of making these statements. Clark took over with a clean political slate but the same problem: how to improve on the U.S. scheme's rigid scale of benefits?

The average U.S. payment to a single pensioner is \$76. But Connecticut leads all states with a \$92 minimum for everybody over 65. And those who decry high social security payments can find sitting-duck targets in any state.

Take a Kansas printer named **George Straley**, who retired from his \$420-a-month (less deductions) job recently, began collecting social security for himself and his wife (\$188), a pension from his job (\$134), and a pension from his old union (\$95). His cash income rose about \$20 a month the day he retired.

Straley's stand on social security: "I like it fine."

their big market may be ahead of them. In Montreal retailers have enlisted four high schools where codes of dress have

been set up for boys. Jeans and windbreakers are out; the kids wear suits or jackets and slacks, neckties in place, or they're barred. When a boy's parents can't foot the bill he's fitted out, in confidence, by the clothing men.

- ✓ The "or else" approach—With its big bank roll the U.S. campaign is buying ads and issuing propaganda warning men they may miss that promotion, and boys they may be taken for hoodlums, if they're not conventionally dressed. A lot of this spills over into Canada.

Last August followers of fearless detective **Dick Tracy** in Saturday newspapers read this:



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In the panel that followed, Tracy's sidekick **Sam** signed off: "Fellows, you've got something there! I notice in many of our criminal cases the boys involved are sloppily dressed."

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

Grits have the "grass" but where's the "brass"?



LIBERALS NOW are finding grim irony in the talk, so loud at their convention last month, about "the grass" of the party being dominated and frustrated by "the brass." As they gird for battle they realize that they have no great shortage of grass and other vegetation, but that real Liberal "brass" is alarmingly scarce.

It was the officer corps of the party, the generals and the colonels and the field commanders, and not the other ranks who suffered most at the 1957 election. This was one reason why Lester Pearson produced such a labored contrivance in his first "fighting speech" as leader of the opposition. He wanted to denounce the government but he didn't, as he said, want an immediate winter election—not only for the reasons he mentioned, the lack of a 1958 budget and the lack of provision for the provinces, but also for the lack of a battle-ready Liberal force.

East of Quebec, only one divisional commander survived the election last June, Jack Pickersgill in Newfoundland. And he, despite his admitted talent for political strategy, has had more experience on the party's general staff than in actual electoral combat.

Pickersgill lives in Ottawa. There is doubt whether he has the kind of base in Newfoundland that he would need to build up the Liberal organization in that province.

However, he at least has a formidable captain in Premier Joey Smallwood. Nova Scotia Grits have no such comfort.

For ten years Robert H. Winters has been as towering a figure in Nova Scotia politics as J. L. Hsley was before him. Winters wanted to get out of politics years ago, but loyalty deterred him. Liberals told him his departure would be ruinous to the party, and when the voters of Lunenburg solved his problem last June and sent him off happy to private life, this prophecy turned out to be all too true.

Conservative Premier Bob Stanfield has a majority in the legislature of only half a dozen, but he seems to be firmly entrenched and he gets on very well with his fellow Conservatives in Ottawa. Delegates to the Liberal convention admitted that they have no hope of regaining more than two or three Nova Scotia seats at most, and will do well if they hold the two they have.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island offer an even drearier prospect. The Liberals were wiped out in P.E.I. last June and expect the same fate again. In N.B., their minister Milton Gregg lost his own seat and has gone abroad to work for the United Nations; no replacement is in sight for the local command, and the Grits think they're more likely to lose another seat or two than to win any back.

Out west the picture is much the same, with the one cold comfort that Conservatives don't necessarily gain by Liberal losses.

In Manitoba, Stuart Garson is happily practicing law and wondering why he spent so many years working so much harder, for less money, as a politician. He will gladly help out with the 1958 campaign, but he certainly will not be a candidate—and anyone else who talks to him may have some doubts about the wisdom of doing so. Manitoba Liberals prattle away about regaining two or three seats, but when asked who is to take over Stuart Garson's Manitoba command they fall silent.

Saskatchewan Grits are still commanded by the Rt. Hon. James G.

Gardiner, who will be seventy-five in November. He is not the favorite statesman of his nominal second-in-command, Walter Tucker of Rosthern. Some Liberals hope that the rise in Conservative strength will do them good by splitting the anti-Liberal vote, and thus allowing them to defeat the CCF in a few seats, but realists don't put much stock in this. They expect to lose, not gain ground in Saskatchewan.

In Alberta the Liberals haven't amounted to much for twenty-odd years, and 1958 is not their year to come back. In British Columbia they hope to hold their own, and re-elect Jimmy Sinclair and Jimmy Byrne; if they pick up another seat they will be lucky.

Altogether, then, they see no net

gain but a probable loss in the east and the west. Liberal hopes, such as they are, centre in Ontario and Quebec.

If Lester Pearson is to regain lost ground anywhere it should be in Ontario—a Conservative stronghold, true, but one in which Conservatives have already scored one smashing victory and may, just possibly, have gone a little beyond their real strength. In Quebec the Liberals are even more cheerful—they pooh-pooh the "bandwagon" theory, speculate happily on whether or not Premier Duplessis really wants a Tory government in Ottawa, and take vast comfort from the high unemployment figures.

But here, too, there is a grave shortage of "brass." The men who commanded in the field last June are mostly casualties.

In Ontario they were C. D. Howe and Walter Harris, both out of politics for good. J. J. McCann has said he will run again, but he was hardly a field marshal; Lionel Chevrier, who used to be a strong force among French-speaking Ontarians, is now the heir apparent in Quebec. Only Paul Martin, and a Paul Martin fresh from personal defeat at the Liberal convention, is left to be Pearson's lieutenant in Ontario.

As for Quebec, only Hugues Lapointe among the senior Liberals was actually defeated, but Quebec has for years been short of large-calibre men behind the Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent. Jean Lesage is only forty-five, in a province where age is still equated with wisdom. Louis St. Laurent is seventy-six, which even in Quebec is a little too far in the other direction.

In this leadership-short situation even a few weeks make a difference. Liberals in January abandoned all idea of postponing an election for long—Pearson mentioned two months as the delay he had in mind—but it seemed worthwhile to make considerable effort to gain even that much time.

Another reason, in addition to those already mentioned, was a new need to let Conservative responsibility ripen.

When Prime Minister Diefenbaker produced a confidential report from a civil servant, and used it as political ammunition, he did something no minister of the crown had done before. It is something that could not be done very often, or civil servants would stop writing reports that might be disinterred and held against them later. But for purposes of this year's election debate, it was an extremely effective tactic.

The Liberal government was not bound, of course, to accept the appraisal of its officials. Indeed, it was well known a year ago that sharp differences of opinion existed among the government's advisers, some thinking that a recession was at hand and others saying that inflation was still the major threat. The document quoted by the prime minister made the case for the former view.

But the point that the Liberals have trouble escaping is that they had this warning and ignored it. Nothing could be further from the report's mood than the super-rosate Liberal advertising of 1957, all dedicated to the theme that Canadians never had it so good. If they believed the appraisal of these economists, their advertising must have been dishonest. If they rejected it, their judgment has now been proven wrong.

It's a dilemma that any party would prefer to let lie for a while, before entering an election campaign. ★



BACKSTAGE IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

Why the "wobble theory" is likely to stir up outrage and uproar

THE HOTTEST scientific hullabaloo since Darwin is likely to break this spring when a U. S. scientist confronts the world with a new switch on the "wobble theory."

This is the homely name for an old but revolutionary guess about the earth's behavior. If it can be proved, the wobble theory will spread-eagle the sacred-cow "truths" of a fistful of major sciences; truths that have been force-fed to every schoolboy since Galileo. Can it be proved? Albert Einstein, who said the theory "electrified me" the first time he read it, thought it had every chance.

Einstein wrote the foreword to the book, *Earth's Shifting Crust*, in which Professor Charles H. Hapgood will put the wobble theory's case in front of the public this spring. Here, in essence, is how the great mathematician explained it:

To follow Einstein's outline, first discard the traditional view that

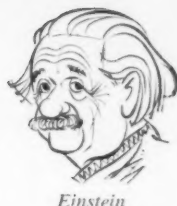
the earth began as a cloud of condensing gases. Replace it with the theory that the planet originated as a small hard cold sphere. (This is not as revolutionary as it sounds; much leading scientific opinion, including that of such men as the U.S.'s renowned chemist Harold C. Urey, now holds this view.) The cold sphere grew by attracting smaller particles from space; then pressures set up by its growth heated the core and finally melted it.

Now visualize a sudden shift of the thin outer crust (it's an average of 40 miles thick) around the molten inner mass. Gravity would hold the earth's axis in place, so that a tropical jungle could shift into the polar region. This would explain—and Hapgood insists it's the only logical explanation—such baffling phenomena as bog-dwelling mammoths frozen so quickly into solid Siberian ice that their flesh is still edible.

But why would the earth's crust shift? According to the wobble theory, there is an inexorable build-up of ice at the South Pole, but the ice builds haphazardly, adding more weight to the area on one side of the pole than the other.

As the earth spins on its axis, this off-centre deadweight (it's estimated to be as much as six million cubic miles of ice) causes the globe to wobble slightly. If the earth was perfectly round this whipping motion would probably wrench it completely off its axis in time; as it is, the slight bulge at the equator counterbalances it. But not completely, Hapgood claims; at times the ice cap builds up to the point where it makes the globe wobble a little too far, and the wobble shifts the earth's skin around.

Then the process starts all over again — if Professor Hapgood's heretic and controversy-charged theory tells the true story.



Einstein

Backstage ON THE PACIFIC COAST

How an ancient parrot has progress stymied in Victoria

IT'S TAKEN A PARROT to prove that the juggernaut of progress isn't invincible after all. The parrot's name is Louie, a trigger-tempered brandy-drinking bird of the macaw species, and Louie has all plans for building on a block of the choicest lots in downtown Victoria hopelessly stymied.

Possibly the country's oldest bird (his Chinese manservant, Wah Wong, swears he's 99), easily its most opulent, and undoubtedly its only winged real-estate baron, Louie feathered his nest by inheritance. When his late mistress, Miss Victoria Wilson, died, her \$440,000 will specified that the macaw should live out his days on the fa-

mily estate in the grand manner.

That was ten years ago; the estate has passed from the executor through the hands of one frustrated developer and is now owned by a New Westminster hotelman named Doug Abrams. When Abrams bought the property five years ago he had plans for an apartment block or hotel in the \$155,000 class.

Now Abrams isn't so sure. "What am I going to build if and when the bird passes away? If and when is looking like a long time," he says thoughtfully. It could take several generations of Abramses to find out: Wah Wong insists that macaws, which originate in the Orient, live to about 300



years if they're well cared for.

And Louie is the best-cared-for macaw on earth. When his personal ministrations are complete Wah keeps the bird's table loaded with walnuts, almonds, mushrooms and hard-boiled eggs, usually topped with fine brandy.

Louie lives in his own 50-by-20-foot house in the centre of the estate's immaculately groomed grounds. Tenants of the main house, converted by Abrams into six suites, give him a wide berth. He snarls at them in the morning and by afternoon flies into a rage if anyone but Wah Wong comes too close.

Louie has the upper hand and he likes it that way. —AL MARKLE



Fairfax

Backstage AT SHOWTIME

The big-budget star-strewn variety spectacles that business is staging behind closed doors

THE NEWEST, LEAST-BALLYHOOD but in many ways most spectacular branch of showbusiness is a big-business offshoot called, by the corporate executives who foot the bills, industrial drama.

Its star-strewn casts and hundred-thousand-dollar budgets would make most Canadian stage and TV producers boggle, yet it's grown up quietly behind closed doors because its audiences are usually limited to company employees and its songs, skits and dance-production numbers plump the merits of company products.

These extravaganzas started in the early Fifties; by the '57-'58 season, a large Toronto talent agency and stage-prop supply house estimates, at least 100 firms are spending \$5 million to stage, equip and transport company shows.

Actors' Equity says a couple of hundred professional actors will appear in them, some for only a few performances, others in runs as long as ten weeks, all at the highest wage scales set by entertainers' unions.

Joel Aldred kicked off the season last September when he said the first words on a British-American Oil Co. show that was seen by 6,500 dealers from coast to coast over closed-circuit TV. Behind Aldred came a 28-piece orchestra under Lucio Agostini; a production number with such TV and stage stars as Sammy Sales, Larry Mann, Jack Duffy, Jackie Merrill; the 16 Gino Silvi singers surrounded by the Midge Arthur dancers; and Trans-Canada Hit Parade's Wally Koster with Joan Fairfax, who chanted a theme song by jingle specialist Maurice Rapkin: *So hitch your car to this new star.*

Hot on BA's heels came Massey-Harris-Ferguson with a 55-performer troupe for a dealer show in Toronto, then a nine-city tour. Cost: about \$200,000.

Meanwhile, Jackie Rae, Howard Cable and Dorothy Collins were directing, conducting and singing for General Motors. Austin Willis was emceeing for Christie's biscuits. Five singers and dancers were rehearsing a \$100,000 Westinghouse show that will tour from Halifax to Vancouver this month and next with 11 tons of props including a 48-by-40-foot portable stage.

Elsewhere scores of other top-ranking Canadian entertainers were polishing lines that echoed, in one way or another, the first and still most famous industrial lyric of all: *Come away with me, Lucille, in my merry Oldsmobile.* —CAROL LINDSAY

Background

STRIPPERS' SWAN SONG

Montreal's night-club strippers (Backstage, Sept. 28), who wiggled through their barest and best-attended month in December, were clothed and subdued by the end of January. It happened this way: Police Director Langlois called a meeting of club operators, said he'd "secretly surveyed" their shows, and told them to clean them up or else. Then he set up a "shadow squad" of plainclothesmen to spot check. The "sexotic" dancers complain their style is cramped; "If they can't do a decent dance," growls Inspector O. Pelletier, "let them get out of the business."

EYE BANKS

At least 13,000 Canadians have pledged their eyes at death to Eye Banks. Already corneal tissue from the Banks, which were set up in

1956, has been used in 100 operations; all succeeded. But sight isn't guaranteed yet for the 1,500 remaining blind whose vision would probably be helped by the operation. The snag: doctors say hospitals are so overcrowded that space can rarely be found for the blind patient before the healthy eye tissue begins to deteriorate.

TEEN ARMY



Pearkes

with schoolwork the Edmonton get an average turnout of 135; "A valuable addition to the over-all forces," commends Defense Minister Pearkes. Before the youngsters were enrolled a militia officer recalls "parades where we had 20 officers, 35 sergeants and nine privates."

BASKETBALL BARON

Back in 1952 Canadian basketball officials protested vainly when Jerry Livingstone, a Tillsonburg, Ont., furniture man, staffed his plant with imported basketball players who carried off the sport's only plum, the quadrennial trip to the Olympic Games, then disbanded. Now he's back with a new bid to go to the 1960 Olympics but the same old squabble—this time basketball men claim he imported Winnipeg star Fred Ingaldson after the deadline.

BACK-ROOM BOYS

It's not widely known but the "back-room boys" of the Borden commission on energy (Backstage, Nov. 23) are the same experts who sifted evidence for the '57 Gordon Commission. In Calgary, where the Borden team is listening to the oil and gas industries this month, the duplication of experts will save leg work and probably mean "much the same findings as the Gordon group brought in."

Editorial

Wanted: Liberal losses in Quebec Liberal gains elsewhere

WE'RE HOPEFUL that the results of the coming election will herald the establishment, in this country, of two truly national political parties. For years we had only one: the Liberals. Since June we've still had only one: the Conservatives. This isn't healthy.

The worst possible thing that could happen in this election would be a situation in which the Liberals were reduced to being the party of French Canada. They're close enough to it now: of 104 Liberal seats in the House 62 spring from Quebec alone. We've always held it unfortunate that (until last summer) the Conservatives weren't able to make inroads in our second largest province. If all of Canada, except Quebec, goes Conservative in the coming election the racial schism will be very real—and very dangerous.

We hope therefore that the Conservatives make further gains in Quebec this time and that the Liberals, for their own good, lose some French-speaking constituencies. But we also hope that the Liberals will themselves gain seats elsewhere in Canada so that this great and historic party can continue as a national and not as a sectional one.

Many Canadians last June voted for a strong opposition, and we share this desire. Whichever party finds itself in the minority, we trust it will be able to draw its strength from all parts of the country.

City traffic is a national problem —we should face up to it

SOME STARTLING new statistics suggest that the problem of traffic paralysis can no longer be considered a purely municipal problem. Recent submissions to the Gordon Commission estimate that by 1975 three out of every four of us will live in a city, that every second Canadian will drive a motor vehicle, and that seventy percent of all travel will be on city streets.

Thus the plight of the cities is the plight of the country as a whole. Yet most Canadian cities today are crippled financially because the country as a whole won't help: the federal and provincial governments (who collect the taxes on gasoline and licenses) don't assist in the cost of city roads. Toronto, for instance, desperately needs a second subway because its streets are jammed with autos. But a subway would cost an almost prohibitive amount—two hundred million. So far neither the provincial nor federal government have indicated that they will help. We think the time has arrived when they should. Traffic is no longer a local problem; it's a national one.

Oat-opera diplomacy just won't work in the Sputnik age

POPULAR TELEVISION fare these days seems to be at odds with the peacemakers. More than ever before in this age of Sputnik we pay lip service to peace through negotiation—to the soft answer that turneth away wrath. And yet a dozen programs designed for our progeny, including the fantastically popular Westerns, preach by inference that it is the gun and the fist that win the argument, that true heroes draw fastest and shoot first, and that Good Guys can best Bad Guys with a well-placed sock on the jaw. We suspect the oat operas are making more yards with the young than the Sunday Schools and the United Nations. Indeed, they always have—since the days of Deadeye Dick. The results of this shoot-first philosophy have for years been demonstrably lamentable; in the new age they can easily be cataclysmic.

Mailbag

- ✓ An ex-PC candidate makes an election guess
- ✓ Does the Wall express the bold ideas of a dynamic nation?
- ✓ Israel: "one-sided propaganda" or "a true picture"?

I was interested to hear Blair Fraser's prediction that the Conservatives will win an election, probably in April but without a majority (Backstage, Jan. 4). As a defeated Conservative candidate in the Lethbridge riding I offer my own prediction that the Conservatives will win an election about that time but with a small though clear majority with an increased western flavor. — J. A. SPENCER, MAGRATH, ALTA.

Retort from Prince Albert

Reading Mrs. Campbell's description of Prince Albert (The Prime Minister's Home Town, Jan. 18) nearly brought tears of self-pity to my eyes, to think that I live in a city with so dilapidated a physical as well as economic description . . . — JAMES CHRISTAKOS, PRINCE ALBERT.

✓ . . . gross misrepresentation . . . — J. SWYSTUN, PRINCE ALBERT.

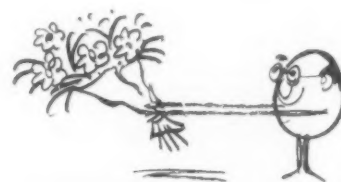
Bravos for a Japanese-Canadian

I particularly enjoyed Arthur Tateishi's story: How I Became an Equal (Jan. 4). Canada should have more of his calibre. — F/O C. MARION, QUEBEC CITY.

✓ This is a wonderful achievement story but most of all I am deeply moved by the humility and generosity that prevails throughout it. — (MRS.) W. L. BLAKEMORE, COBBLE HILL, B.C.

Up the eggheads!

A bouquet of roses for your editorial,



In Defense of the Humble Egghead (Jan. 18). — S. V. SANDBERG, EDMONTON.

Immigrants' basic fear?

Sidney Katz' article (Jan. 4) about immigrants interested me. I am an English immigrant—the word "English" makes my personal problem of adjustment one hundred percent easier than that of the mid-Europeans discussed. But English, or Hungarian, or German, we all have the same basic fear—can we do well in Canada? From a fairly wide experience of new Canadians I can say our one regret is that we ourselves can never be wholly Canadian. — EAST ALLWOOD, MONTREAL.

A movie critic speaks his mind

I've just read Clyde Gilmour Picks the Best and Worst Movies of 1957 (Jan. 4). I have seen only eight of the twenty films he classified in his best and worst categories, and I disagree with

him on all of them. — K. GEORGIEFF, SHAWINIGAN FALLS, QUE.

Cheers—and jeers—for the Wall

Louis Archambault's Wonderful Wall (Jan. 18) is a fresh contribution to Canadian art. As a young dynamic nation we are expected to express bold ideas. When the wall gets back to Canada how about having it at the CNE and PNE where more of the Canadian public can see it? — TOM OLESIUK, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

✓ No wonder Mr. Archambault holds his head. That mess called modern art



gives me a headache just looking at it. — DOROTHY FULLER, KENTVILLE, N.S.

Israel and the West: hot debate

With reference to Why the West Should Stop Supporting Israel (Jan. 18): this article contains a chain of misrepresentations and false statements. — PAUL LOURIE, VANCOUVER.

✓ As a Canadian citizen interested in world affairs I wish to compliment Maclean's for publishing Prof. Winnett's factual and unbiased article. — WALTER BALL, TORONTO.

✓ The greatest piece of one-sided propaganda I have ever read. The heroic state of Israel, less in area than the province of New Brunswick, threatening to engulf the Arab world as pictured by the professor, is laughable. — BARNETT JACOBSON, SAINT JOHN.

✓ Thank God you somehow found the guts to publish at least a suggestion of truth about the Palestine Question. — RIALB VON REGDUL, CALGARY.

✓ Utter drivel. Let Iraq, Syria and Egypt show some effort to re-settle these refugees and the problem will surely dissolve. Israel has consistently offered compensation for legitimate claims to the Arab refugees. — H. AIKEN, OTTAWA.

✓ Mr. Winnett has deliberately ignored the excellent position of the Druse Arabs in Israel. Would he please explain how six Arabs got elected to Israel's parliament? — M. TATE.

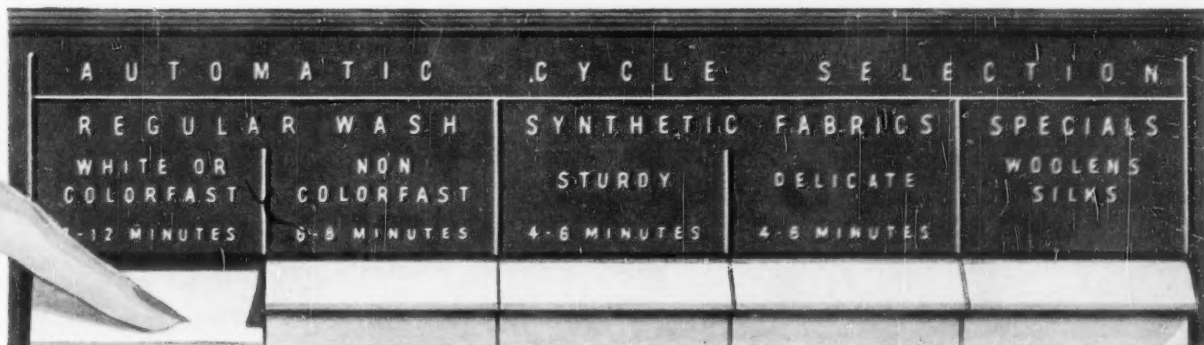
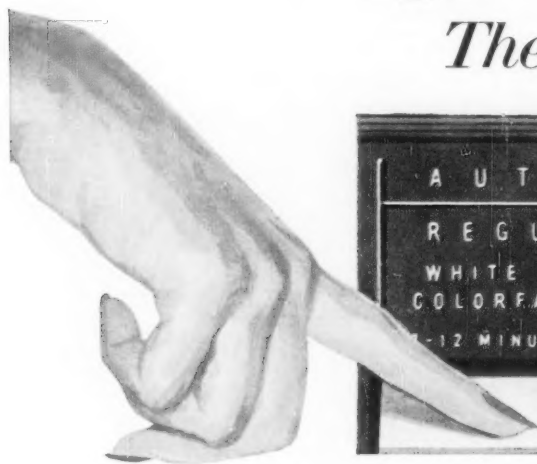
✓ I am an Arab refugee who lost his home and property in Palestine due to the deliberate terrorism adopted by the Zionists. Professor Winnett gave a true picture of the situation in the Middle East. — ISSA FAHEL, LONDON, ONT.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 56

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How to be younger than your years

When you meet a grandfather like this who's still "young," vigorous and active . . . even though he's nearly 65 . . . you're likely to exclaim, "He certainly doesn't look his age!"

The truth is he's what he *should* be . . . and what most of us *could* be when retirement draws near. Better still, anyone who has reached this age in good health can usually look forward to many more useful and happy years.

You should start taking *extra* precautions for your physical and mental health *before* you get along in years. Then, you will have far better chances of making your later life rewarding. Why?

The answer is that diseases of later life seldom appear suddenly. They start gradually and may quietly develop for a number of years before they become evident or cause disability.

Even if your retirement may be years ahead, you should begin planning now for the time when you'll become a senior citizen. Here are some things you can do:

1. Keep your mind open to new ideas. If you always have something to do tomorrow . . . something you *want* to do . . . your mind will be alert and active.

Working with and for others—in community, church and fraternal organizations—can also be a deep and lasting source of satisfaction at any age.

2. Select your foods carefully. Your diet should provide all the elements for good health—*proteins* for body upkeep and repair, *carbohydrates* for energy and foods that supply protective *vitamins* and *minerals*.

3. Control your weight. Overweight makes your heart, kidneys, lungs, liver and arteries work harder all the time. Overweight also tends to increase your chances of developing diseases of these organs.

4. Try to keep your emotions on an even keel. It is unhealthy to keep emotional tensions "bottled up." Instead we should look for ways to work them out. Just talking over problems with a friend or advisor often helps to clear the air.

5. Plan for your financial security. It is not necessary to have a lot of money to enjoy later life. Nevertheless, your financial needs during retirement should be carefully planned long before you stop working. Advice from some competent person on personal financial matters will help you avoid "money worries" later on.

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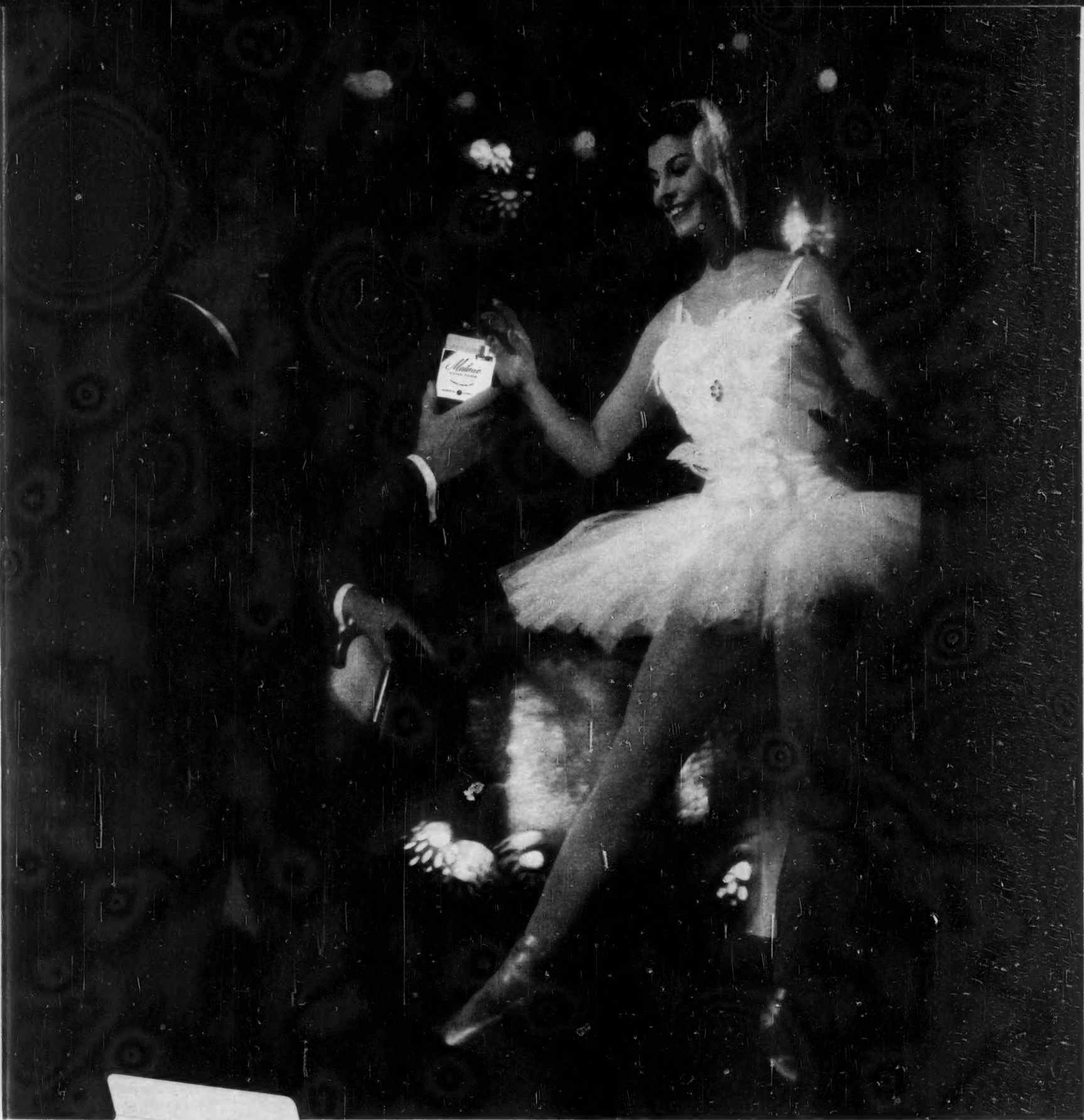
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The cover

Artist William Winter's wife sternly forbids him to shop: he goes hog wild on costly delicacies. But when we sent him into a supermarket to paint this cover, he cracked. Result: the Winter family now has the most expensively stuffed cupboards in town.

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For the sake of argument



N. J. BERRILL SAYS

Women should run the world

It is obvious that in the present state of society there are too many people moving too fast and making too much noise, all mutually endangering one another's lives and sanity. It is equally clear that most of the disturbance comes from the males, both young and old, and the real trouble with the world at present is that the plaintive phrase of womankind—it's a man's world—is all too true. The silly business starts as soon as the babe is born. Doting parents see the infant boy strutting as a man with big feet and a commanding voice before he ever leaves the cradle, and from then on the path is cleared for him.

Yet finding a suitable career is difficult, since maternity is definitely not the masculine path to a satisfactory life. The male is all wound up with no particular place to go and it's not surprising that nine out of ten teen-agers in trouble are boys, or that it costs twice as much to insure a car driven by a male between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five as it does to insure a car driven by both his sixteen-to-twenty-five-year-old sisters and his parents. This is the age group that armies have been made of throughout history, marching and bellowing across the continents and the centuries. Men and boys are troublesome creatures, but being larger, stronger and louder than the females they have succeeded in putting over the biggest bluff the earth has ever seen. For when you come to the point, what use are males apart from keeping some sweet young things happy and keeping other males at bay?

In any case worse trouble looms ahead, for while males for the most part are not technically unemployed they are, biologically speaking, little more than necessary evils—necessary for reproduction but otherwise time-consuming, food-consuming and always in the way. You would never know it, though, to hear them talk! Yet this is the

beginning of the age of automation. More and more industrial and agricultural work will be conducted through electronic remote control by fewer and fewer men. If such work as there is can be evenly spread out, which may be the best we can hope for, man, but not woman, is going to have even more time on his hands—perhaps a two- or three-day working week and the rest at home. And won't he be useful, taking over so many of the household and family duties? You can hear the women cheering from here! Otherwise he can stay in bed, sit in front of the television or go riding in the car—if he can get the car, for his wife needs it to shuttle the kids to and from school and for shopping.

Laws apply only to men

In any event, looking ahead a little farther, say to the end of the century, oil and gas will be so valuable and expensive the combustion engine in family automobiles will be as obsolete as the old Stanley Steamer; small packages of atomic energy to take its place are most unlikely and transportation may well be back to systems of electrical railroads, very efficient and smart-looking, no doubt, but a heck of a substitute for a fast and furious ego-inflating drive in the new Edsel or Buick.

So more and more you will hear, "Where have you been? Out! What did you do? Nothing!" for that already is the title of a popular book now on sale, and its popularity is an ominous sign. Boredom lies ahead for the energetic males unless something can be done about it. And something must be done about it since out of boredom grow crime and punishment, an unhappy sequence for such a lordly sex. This of course is well known, for while laws are made for everyone, in practice they apply only to males. The **continued on page 50**

DR. BERRILL IS PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

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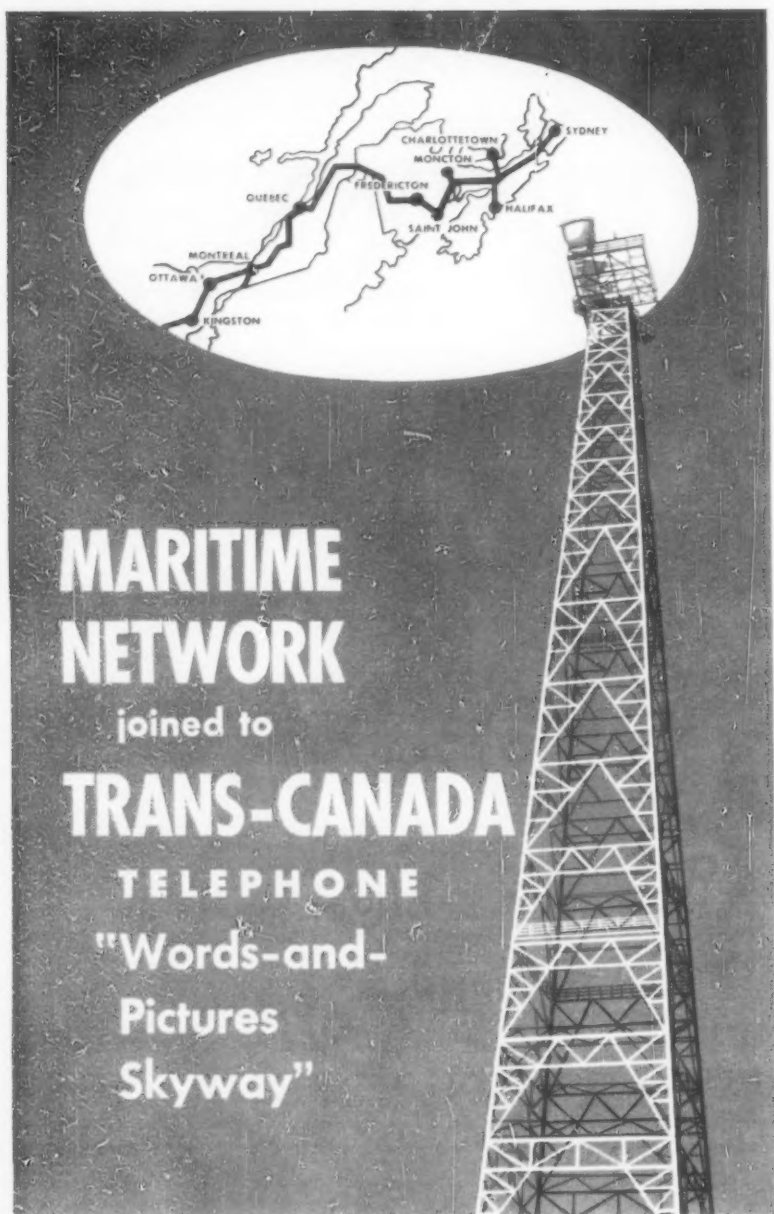
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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Alas, to be in England now that winter's here

This is the period of the year in which I take a firm and unalterable decision. Nor are these words lightly chosen. Each year the decision becomes more firm and unalterable. And what, pray, is it? The answer is simplicity itself — never to spend another winter in England.

Come with the Baxters, plus a pleasing Italian girl visiting London *en pension*, to a smart first night at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket a few weeks ago. The star of the piece was that amusing comedian, Ian Carmichael, and as the theme of the play was one of complicated adultery we were assured of a pleasant evening for all.

Unhappily, our high spirits were somewhat subdued when, on emerging from the theatre, we encountered a fog which was thickening fast although it had not yet attained the full dignity of a "London particular." There was no chance of getting a hire car or a taxicab to drive our pretty Italian to her apartment on the Chelsea embankment. We would have to drive her home in our car, which

we had parked outside the theatre.

Thicker grew the fog and thicker. Being the only man in the party, I walked in front of the car with the dazzle lights glowing faintly upon my perambulating posterior. Omnibuses loomed up from the mists like ships searching their way to harbor. Thus we slithered along the Embankment to Chelsea where we debouched our sweet Italian, and, finding a fairly clear patch, we shot up to the north and drove home to St. John's Wood. And so to bed.

The next night, under much the same visibility conditions, a train, taking Christmas shoppers and office workers home from London to their suburban dwellings, crashed through the warning fog lights and a hundred and sixty people were killed in a horrible collision. There were many others who were only injured—but what were those injuries? We need not dwell upon the horror of it.

Of course, there was heroism—there always is. And, of course, there was calm courage. But should not science be put in the dock and charged **continued on page 62**



"London's fog has inspired poets to grey dreams," says Baxter, "but . . . right now I've an almost passionate desire to leave this sceptred isle."

A little out of practice?

Skating and saving money have this in common. They both take practice. If you have lost the knack of saving, may we suggest you try again? It's surprising how quickly you can regain this useful and satisfying art by the simple practice of tucking away at least something from every pay cheque, in a savings account at the "Royal". And now the Royal Bank offers a new **two-account plan** to make saving easier, more certain:

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NINETY-EIGHT



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 15, 1958

A noted doctor talks about alcohol and tranquilizers



Problem drinkers are
increasing
alarmingly
and even some of the
helpful new drugs
are themselves habit forming.
What can be done?

BY R. GORDON BELL

Are we really winning the fight against alcoholism? You might think so from all the publicity that has attended the new efforts to cope with this problem. If you have bothered to think about alcoholism at all, you might even believe that the situation is well in hand. Provincial programs of treatment, research and education have either been established or are being planned. On the clinical side, new, more effective methods of treatment and rehabilitation have been worked out. More physicians and hospitals are treating the alcoholic as well as their facilities permit. Industrialists and others in the community are beginning to deal with the alcoholic from a health, rather than a moral or disciplinary standpoint. The temperance federations have adopted a new, more objective approach to education about alcohol and alcoholic disease. Alcoholics Anonymous continues to expand its unique and effective work in rehabilitation.

What's the true picture?

Thanks to the work of the Research Division of the Alcoholism Research Foundation in Ontario, we have some reliable information about the situation in that province. Alcoholism has *doubled* in Ontario since 1946! This enormous increase isn't confined to Ontario by any means. What has happened in Ontario has, I am convinced, happened in the rest of Canada, and studies in the United States indicate that it has also happened there.

It would be alarming enough to report that alcoholism had doubled over a hundred-year period. But it has doubled, according to the best

continued on page 35

At forty-six Dr. Bell is the medical director of the Bell Clinic, near Toronto, a member of the Medical Advisory Board of Ontario's Alcoholism Research Foundation, and chairman of the Committee on Problem Drinking of the Industrial Medical Association.

Maclean's presents

AN ALBUM OF AMATEUR ART

**Painting for fun, thousands of Canadians
are dabbling in oils, splashing in water color, and booming
the art supplies business. Here's a
pictorial report on the results that they're getting**

On these pages, and on the two that follow, Maclean's presents a gallery of amateur paintings by twelve prominent Canadians—from disc jockey to Governor-General. Good, bad or indifferent, they serve to underline the undeniable fact that, in the era of the five-day week and the tranquilizer pill, more and more people are spending their spare time relaxing with a paint brush.

Some art-supply houses are now guessing that one Canadian in twelve has become a "week-end painter." One manufacturer, indeed, makes two shipments a year to remote posts on the Dewline. A recent tally in Toronto unearthed more than fifty established art clubs devoted to Sunday daubing. The American Artists School, a commercial firm that teaches painting by mail order, has twelve hundred students from Newfoundland to the Yukon who pay as much as \$382 for an ambitious three-year course.

There are several reasons why amateur art has become a booming business in Canada. The most obvious one is suggested by the accompanying examples: with famous people painting, art has become fashionable and respectable. As one stock-room clerk said recently (gazing at a floor-to-ceiling stack of paint tubes), "Churchill and Eisenhower have been our best salesmen."

Another reason is that it can be a cheap hobby. A ten-dollar packaged kit gets the amateur started. Instruction comes as low as five dollars for thirty sessions.

Also, there's the growing awareness that there's a therapeutic value in a hobby that isn't physically taxing. Teachers report that most students in organized courses are women, and that, in many

classes, two thirds of the painters are past the age of fifty.

But perhaps the biggest reason for the painting boom is an eight-year-old selling job "to take art to the community" sponsored by Canadian galleries. If anything, it's been too successful. The picture slides, materials, free advice and inexpensive instruction provided by the galleries certainly made Canadians conscious of painting—but of their own amateur dabbling. Now art-gallery curators are trying to hustle the public back into their premises to view the work of professionals.

"This amateur painting is almost getting out of hand, it's so big," Herbert Palmer, an Academy member and former official of the Ontario Society of Artists recently commented. A colleague waxed even stronger: "The conceit of the amateurs is appalling," he declared. "They even take prints of old masters off their walls and replace them with their own original junk."

Many Sunday painters, nonetheless, approach their work with considerable humility. Mickey Lester, the disc jockey, says flatly that his painting "stinks." Controller Jean Newman, of Toronto, carefully separates her pictures from those of professionals that she also collects, by hanging each in different rooms.

The reasons are understandable: the amateurs shown on these pages, like most others, paint for the same reason that their fellow executives play golf; for recreation rather than for creation. Yet the basic artistic urge to improve and excel is also present. As Judge Frank Denton, an amateur whose standards approach professional ones, puts it: "Like golf, you're never on top of your game." ★



Western Town, by M. T. Trotter. An Alberta insurance man, Trotter is a director of the Edmonton Museum of Art. In earlier years in Montreal (his grandfather was a portrait painter) he studied architecture and attended art classes. In the west he was impressed by the optimism of early builders who expected every hamlet to boom. During a business trip he sketched this sunny empty street.



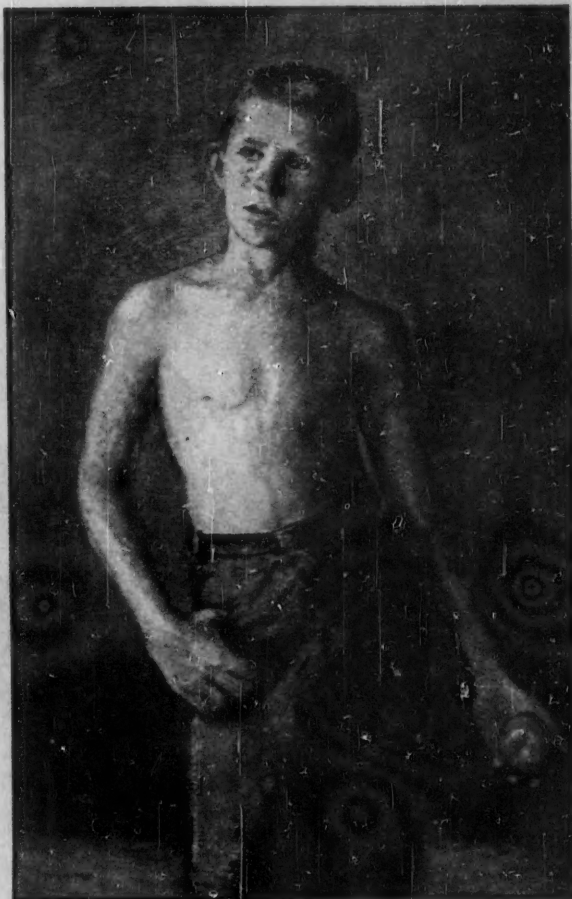
Portrait of a Boy, by Judge Frank Denton. Like most of the amateurs on these pages, the Toronto judge has taken art courses. This oil took about two weeks to complete during a New England vacation. The apple in the model's hand had to be replaced several times. Seeking for "form through the use of color"—like the Impressionists—Judge Denton paints avidly on week ends and evenings.



Self Portrait, by Violet Owen. Painting mostly during the one hour a day when her two lively young sons are taking their naps, Mrs. Owen, at 27, has no idea how many works she has completed. She has painted some of her canvases over three or four times. Married to an Edmonton lawyer, she is an honor graduate of the Ontario College of Art. Why did she paint herself? No other model available.

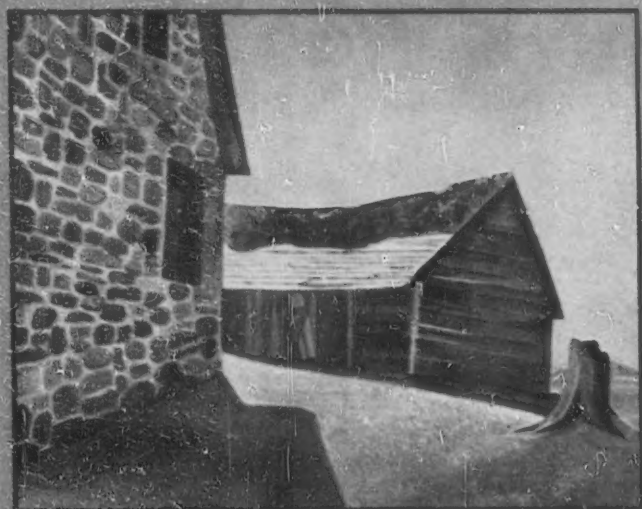


Schooner's Cove, by Dr. Charles Best. At his summer home on Passamaquoddy Bay during the summer two years ago, the famous co-discoverer of insulin spent two mornings catching just the right reflection of the sun on the water. Self-taught, Dr. Best took up painting for relaxation then found that the more critical he became the harder he had to work at it.



continued on next two pages

**AMATEUR
ART**
continued



A Study in Red, by Dr. Ann Curtin. This Thistle-town, Ont., artist-doctor, believes everyone should begin a creative hobby before retirement. She only actually finishes a canvas when it's required for a show. This one—from an amateur model—won an award at a British medical convention hobby show.



Toronto Bay, by Sen. A. W. Roebuck. When his daughter entered art school ten years ago this busy lawyer-politician began to dabble himself. He attended some night classes in Ottawa but is mainly self-taught, "enjoying the struggle for perfection which can never be obtained." He sketched this scene from a launch on Toronto's harbor four years ago.



Landscape with Farm Buildings, by R. M. Fowler. The famous chairman of the Fowler TV-radio commission took up painting seven years ago because it offered "complete absorption in something different from my usual activity." When possible he attends classes at the Arts Club, Montreal, where he finished this water color in 1956.



Abstract, by Mavor Moore. Trying to catch "movement in nature" this well-known Toronto TV and stage personality executed this modernistic impression of autumn leaves in a ravine near his home. In the summer he does landscapes in northern Ontario. Like many amateurs, he hangs some of his own canvases but is chary of "foisting them off" on his friends.



Still life with fruit, by Jean Newman. The only woman controller on Toronto's often-stormy city council, Mrs. Newman relaxes with her paintbox whenever she can. She did this study in oils at Presqu'île one day two years ago when it was too wet to sketch outdoors. She has painted in Europe, Arizona and Mexico, and completes about twenty-five canvases a year.



South of France, by the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey. Asked about the amount of art training he had taken, the Governor-General answered: "Obviously none." He took up painting "a long time" ago simply because it was fun. His busy life leaves him very little time for his hobby; the water color shown above was painted in France many years ago.



Industrial Graveyard, by Mickey Lester. The well-known Toronto disk jockey offers the comment: "I paint as well as I can despite my handicap—no talent." He takes no instruction, won't join any art clubs, and doesn't believe an amateur should show his work. He paints in oils with a palette knife and finds that his hobby has become an integral part of his life.



Still Life with Figure, by Evelyn Loewen. Now in her third year of night classes at the University of Manitoba, Mrs. Loewen is a fashion model and a former dancing teacher. Her husband encouraged her art interest and now she paints about six hours a week. She has a penchant for strong pure color and the example above took a month's work to complete.



TEACHER of theatre for almost forty years, Dora Mavor Moore looks in on children's class at the New Play Society, which she founded twelve years ago.

Canadian theatre's fiery godmother

BY BARBARA MOON

Now that our theatre's out of
the garret to stay, Dora Mavor Moore
looks at her fledgling with
pride and anxiety and an occasional
sigh for the rewards of poverty

After generations of fitful flickering existence, Canadian theatre seems finally to have kindled.

Canadian actors and actresses are snug by the hearth now, what with television, a Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ont., a festival drama presentation in B. C. this year, new production groups springing up in the cities and dozens of straw-hat outfits competing for the summer trade. A top actor at last can earn at least six hundred dollars for a week's work on stage, and as much as a thousand dollars for a single TV appearance. Canadian émigré stars are even being lured home to warm their hands at the blaze. A Stratford touring company, a Théâtre du Nouveau Monde company and two troupes of Canadian Players are off with rush-lights for foreign lands.

But there's one theatrical worker who dislikes, distrusts and disapproves of all this radiant new professionalism. She is a doughty sixty-nine-year-old Toronto dowager named Dora Mavor Moore. She is also the person who probably did more than any other to tend the low flame through the cold years.

For nearly four decades Mrs. Moore has taught theatre arts and staged performances of one kind or another so unflaggingly as to suggest that her ambition is for every Canadian either to be putting on a play or watching one every night at 8.30—but not for money. "I hate

like billy-o the whole idea of charging even \$2.50 for a theatre seat," she snaps. "Theatre is for the masses."

Mrs. Moore has given drama lessons to tots, grandmothers, juvenile delinquents and a group of Anglican deaconesses. As evidence of her belief that anybody is the better for putting on a play she has, for several Christmases, staged a medieval mystery, using talent from the mental hospital at Whitby, Ont. But when any of her actors gets good enough to go on the open market she's apt to dismiss him curtly: "He'll do anything for a dollar," she'll say.

Twelve years ago she founded the New Play Society, a non-profit theatrical workshop and drama school in Toronto. The NPS put on Morley Callaghan's *To Tell the Truth*, the first Canadian play ever to be booked into the Royal Alexandra in Toronto, Canada's premier professional theatre. The NPS has given professional production, among scores of imports, to a dozen original Canadian plays, plus ten annual versions of an original topical revue called *Spring Thaw*. *Spring Thaw* holds the Canadian theatrical long-run record, having been held over in the same Toronto theatre last year for fifteen weeks.

The NPS has also launched or endorsed so many new talents that it's hard to name members of the new highly paid Canadian show-business elite who haven't worked for Mrs. Moore. The list includes Donald Davis, Gisele MacKenzie, Don Harron, Lorne Green, Dianne Foster and Bernie and Barbara Braden. Two thirds of the entire Stratford Festival cast, the first season, were NPS alumni.

Most of them remember—ruefully, bitterly or indulgently—that they used to haggle unsuccessfully for more money with Mrs. Moore every time they accepted another part.

By virtue of her credentials, Mrs. Moore is Canadian theatre's exacting, exasperating, autocratic, fiercely dedicated *grande dame*. She is also an unrepentant anachronism.

A bright-eyed matriarch with the commanding proportions—and

the attack — of a classic diva, she begged, browbeat, improvised, scrimped, borrowed, wheedled and worked for years to keep the theatre alive. She can't seem to stop now. She herself works for only eighty-five dollars a month, and refuses to take even that if the society's funds are low.

Mrs. Moore used to put on classical productions costumed entirely in crepe paper and, when there was no money for crepe paper, presented Shakespeare in modern dress.

For nearly a decade she used an old barn on her own property as a theatre, and perched the overflow audience in the rafters. Now the New Play Society has just moved from an abandoned coach house into an abandoned school wing—and Mrs. Moore is thrilled because it has a gymnasium that will seat three hundred and fifty. The coach house had no stage at all and for eleven years all NPS plays were presented in rented quarters, first in a tiny theatre in the basement of the Royal Ontario Museum and latterly in a converted movie house.

Mrs. Moore has gone down on hands and knees to scrub a stage before the evening's performance; she has torn up her own dresses to make costumes and lent family heirlooms as stage props.

In the recent NPS move Mrs. Moore caught a helper discarding a battered and ancient Brownie toadstool, veteran of two decades of make-believe woodland scenes. "Don't throw that out," she said sharply. "It might come in handy."

A grandmother with three grown sons, she has hawked the sheet music for *Spring Thaw* tunes in the theatre lobby at intermission. She even went into court once for the cause. When the New Play Society was threatened with a business tax seven years ago, the society's own counsel said she had a better chance of confounding the city's lawyers than a mere professional man. He was right. She made so formidable an advocate that in just twenty minutes' pleading she got the NPS excused from the tax. In 1953 the society was **continued on page 52**

PRODUCER Moore, now sixty-nine, studies plays in favorite shawl chair. Actor Mavor Moore is her son.



ACTRESS Moore, at thirty, played Viola in *Twelfth Night* at London's Old Vic. She's one of the few Canadians to star there.



A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



THE POSSE combed the Pass while terrified residents hid indoors and traveling actors played to empty halls.

Canada's last great train robbery

It had everything — banditry
gunplay and a manhunt.
CPR's No. 63 was climbing
through the Crowsnest Pass when
this drama on wheels began
— as it ended — with conductor
Sam Jones' new gold watch

BY ROBERT COLLINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRUCE JOHNSON



CONDUCTOR Sam Jones now lives in retirement in Medicine Hat. His watch led police to last bandit.



When masked gunmen robbed a train near Woodstock, Ont., last August most Canadians could recall nothing like it outside of American wild-west history or a Saturday matinee.

No shots were fired, no passengers molested and the case quickly paled beside news of inter-continental missiles. In short, it had none of the violent drama and suspense that made headlines and kept Canadians on the edges of their seats just over thirty-seven years ago when bandits staged a holdup more bizarre than Hollywood ever produced. It happened in the Crowsnest Pass, the mountain corridor that links south-western Alberta with southeastern B.C., and it had everything: holdup, getaway, gun battle, manhunt, tragedy, wry humor and a final capture based on a single clue—the train conductor's watch.

For those who shared in the Crowsnest case, Woodstock's robbery merely freshened an unforgettable memory. Mrs. Mark Gaskell, an elderly widow in the Pass village of Michel, B.C., remembers the Crowsnest holdup well; she was a passenger on the train. Ray Hobkirk, now an insurance-company official in Vancouver, then an RCMP constable, will never forget the seventy-two eerie sleepless hours he spent with a posse, combing the Rockies for one of the gunmen.

People still coax big Ernest Schoeppe, now a Vancouver factory maintenance man, then an Alberta Provincial Police detective, to tell how he tracked down the last bandit in a story-book finish. And in Medicine Hat a retired CPR conductor, Samuel Edward Jones, need only pull a worn gold watch from his bureau drawer to relive the dramatic event. It really began and ended with Sam Jones' watch . . .

It was nearly five p.m. on August 2, 1920. CPR train No. 63—first-class coach, wicker-seated smoking car, baggage and express cars—labored slowly into the Rockies. Behind was the town of Coleman. Ahead was Sentinel, Alta., a whistle stop. Beyond lay the Pass and B.C.

It was a warm drowsy day. Jones, a slight auburn-haired man of about forty, paused to admire his watch. It was a thin 23-jewel Elgin, marked in both twelve and twenty-four hours, with one hour hand for Mountain time, another

for Pacific time. He'd paid ninety-six dollars (most of a month's wages) for it exactly two weeks before and he was extremely proud of it.

He pocketed it and strolled through the smoker. Thirty or forty passengers were aboard: commercial travelers, housewives, a few campers en route to the Rockies, three laborers from Lethbridge. As usual, this trip from Lethbridge to Cranbrook, B.C., was a quiet run. Which was why, as he glanced into the lavatory, Jones could scarcely believe his eyes. One of the swarthy Lethbridge laborers was training a pistol on Jones' stomach.

"You're drunk!" gasped the conductor. "Put that thing away!"

But a second "laborer," short, authoritative, with hard beady eyes and wearing a Stetson hat and high-laced boots, sprang up at the opposite end of the car with a Mauser automatic in his hand.

"Put up your hands, everybody!" he shouted.

The passengers stared numbly. A third gunman—big, dark, square-faced with a shaggy mustache and an artificial eye—brandished a Luger. Then, not bothering to put on the conventional bandits' masks, the trio began to rob the train.

Train holdups were almost as inconceivable then as now. By 1920 everyone assumed that faster trains, fast telegraphy, sturdier express cars and motorized police forces had made train robbery impossible. The sheer audacity of this one began to irk conductor Jones as he fretted in the seat where he'd been shoved at gunpoint.

When the passenger beside him urged, "Pull the signal cord," Jones said "I think I will." He yanked the cord, which set off a whistle in the locomotive cab. One jerk meant, "Stop at next point, passengers detraining." Two jerks meant, "Stop immediately." Before Jones could pull the cord a second time the gunman with the Mauser whirled and fired. The bullet smacked into the woodwork beside the

continued on page 40

THE BANDITS sprang up, guns leveled.

"Put up your hands, everybody!" came the order.

The conductor began to signal the engineer but a warning shot stopped him. Men were frisked but the women were unmolested.



Harvey sprawls

With two-for-one efficiency he thwarts a potential scoring play by draping himself across two Detroit forwards.



Harvey waits

While Leafs' Ted Kennedy is poised for action, Harvey stands stolidly. His mind is always on his team job.



Harvey leans

As goalie Jacques Plante kicks away the puck, Harvey's shoulder is enough to block Boston forward Fleming Mackell.



Harvey sits

He squats on a puck meant for Leafs' Brian Cullen. He won't endanger his team's lead by taking risky chances.



How Doug Harvey loafed his way to fame

BY TRENT FRAYNE

For years fans and critics lambasted this Canadian defenseman for laziness. But, without straining a muscle, he dawdled his way onto six all-star teams and into one of hockey's top salaries



Nonchalant Harvey often takes the puck past his own goal mouth. In spite of such habits, he's been a three-time winner of the NHL's best defenseman trophy.

Ten years ago there was some doubt that Doug Harvey would make the grade with the Montreal Canadiens because he was inclined to loaf. Six years ago, although it was noted that he was inclined to loaf, Doug Harvey was voted to the National Hockey League's all-star team, which he has made every year since. This season hockey experts are fondling the notion that, although he is inclined to loaf, Doug Harvey is possibly the best defenseman in the history of the NHL.

Ten years ago his own fans booed him in the Montreal Forum, and sportswriters covering the Canadiens deplored his lackadaisical style of play. Now, the volatile French-Canadian fans rattle the Habitant playpen with praise for "Dug-Gar-Vee" and when Gazette columnist Dink Carroll was polled by an American magazine recently he named Harvey and Eddie Shore, the former Boston star, as the two best defensemen of all time.

Shore himself says unhesitatingly, "Harvey is the best I've ever seen. He's cool, he can think and he can lift a team." Shore would hardly be expected to name Shore, so I sought an opinion from Hector (Toe) Blake, the Canadian coach who broke into the NHL when Shore was electrifying audiences in the Thirties. "Yes, he's ahead of Shore," said Blake. "He can do more things—when he wants to." Another Shore contemporary who has stayed abreast of the game, Joe Primeau, the former centre of Toronto's Kid Line who is the only man ever to coach teams that have won the Memorial Cup, the Allan Cup and the Stanley Cup, doesn't agree with Blake because he feels rule changes in hockey have made comparisons impracticable when they involve players of

different eras. But he agrees that Harvey is "one of the best who ever played."

Whether he's the best or one of the best, the remarkable thing is that Harvey has never changed his basic approach to the game or his style of playing it. "If I was loafing the year I broke in," he says, "I'm loafing now." He has made the transition from the doghouse to the penthouse on his own terms, and he has won universal acclaim by continuing to do things *his* way rather than by conforming to the mold. For example, in his early years he exasperated his coach and outraged the paying guests by carrying the puck across the very threshold of his own goal in trying to elude enemy forecheckers. The coach, the late Dick Irvin, unable to break Harvey of committing this fundamental error, told him he'd be fined one hundred dollars every time an opponent stole the puck from him and scored a goal as a result of what the coach felt was Harvey's carelessness. No one ever did. Nowadays, when Harvey carries the puck across his own doorstep, the fans cheer his wonderful dexterity, and press-box occupants applaud him as one of the best stickhandlers in the game. Coach Toe Blake is not enthralled by the spectacle but he is resigned to it with the heavy philosophy that "you can break the law just as long as you don't get caught."

Harvey has other non-conformist traits which, when employed early in his career, brought him abuse and which now are regarded as illustrations of his vast ability. Once, in the Stanley Cup playoffs in 1953, the Forum fans shouted their annoyance when he apparently threw away an obvious scoring opportunity. The Canadiens were

leading the Boston Bruins 4 to 2 in the first game of the final round. With a few minutes remaining Harvey broke clear from a Boston gangling attack, and there was only one Bruin with a chance of heading him off. He never had to. Harvey took a quick burst of strides, then slowed as he reached the centre red line. When he crossed it he shoved the puck easily toward the Boston end of the arena, circled, and coasted leisurely back into his own end amid a rumble of fan displeasure. The Canadiens won the game 4 to 2 and a couple of the newspaper accounts pointed out somewhat tartly the next day that Harvey's apathy probably prevented the score from being 5 to 2.

Tart comments are unusual these days. The customers have come to know that Harvey rarely makes an unpremeditated move, that there is nothing impulsive about his actions, and that apathetic is not the word for the sometimes dawdling Douglas. He later explained his motive in that Boston game:

"If it's 4 to 2 or 5 to 2, what difference did it make?" he asked. "The important thing was that Boston didn't make it 4 to 3. If I'd gone into the Boston end and the other guys had followed me in, we might have been trapped. If Boston had made it 4 to 3 they'd have got a terrific psychological lift with six minutes to play, and we might have got panicky and blown our lead."

Harvey's equanimity possibly contributes to the charge that he loafs. He performs his duties with a bland colorless efficiency that is deceptive. When he is not involved in a play he has a manner of standing heavily on his right foot with the left one a few inches in **continued on page 47**



"It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

"When the sign didn't work I faked a cleric's collar and got a hitch."

I went around the world in 80 days . . . the hard way

Jules Verne's hero did it and Mike Todd proved it—

but they had money. I hitched, fast-talked and smuggled my way by car, plane and troopship

BY TREVOR SCOTT



"STRANDED IN HONG KONG after my pockets were



"I STOWED AWAY on the troopship Oxfordshire, from Hong Kong to England. For 25 days I posed as a Tommy, with the help of a friend who got me a meal ticket and an MP who kept mum." Above: at Singapore.

I was having a few beers with a couple of friends after seeing the movie *Around the World in Eighty Days* and one of them was marveling at Phileas Fogg's ingenuity.

"Nuts," I said. "When he got in a jam he'd dip into that big money bag and buy his way out."

"So what?" said the other. "How far around the world could you get without a bankroll?"

I should have had a premonition where a question like that could lead, but in no time I had talked myself into much the same predicament as Jules Verne's hero—minus the money. My proposition (laughed to scorn by my companions) was that I could travel around the world in eighty days, starting from Toronto with not more than fifty dollars and depending on chance and ingenuity to beg, borrow, work, or wangle my way along.

Next morning, the adventure didn't appear quite as alluring. No money had been bet and I could have laughed the whole thing off. But I decided to try to go through with the improbable journey. I had a job that paid three hundred and fifty dollars a month, which I thought not bad for a twenty-six-year-old newcomer from Jamaica who had been in Canada less than two



picked, I visited the governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, who gave me a loan; I sold some sketches and pawned some clothes. Here's the city as I saw it from nearby 'hills.'

years. But it was a job that needed, I felt, occasional changes of scene to make it bearable.

I was a field adjuster with a finance company, a prodder of people who bought things and fell behind on payments. In a time of prosperity this meant I dealt mostly with the very unlucky or the very shiftless. Nearly all my calls ended with a woman crying or a man threatening to throw me out. This caused periods of depression, one of which was coming on at that time.

I asked my boss for leave of absence "to take a trip." Without even knowing what extent of a trip I had in mind, he refused. So I resigned.

I inserted a want ad offering to drive a car westward. My only reason for wanting to set out in that direction was that I knew a girl in Vancouver. We had gone around together in Toronto but had broken up before she went west, and I hoped to meet her again and patch things up.

I got an answer to my ad from a resident of White Fox, Sask., who had bought a Volkswagen in Toronto and would take me as far as Regina. At noon on Tuesday, Sept. 3, with my baggage and forty-seven dollars in cash, I drove out of Toronto with Mrs. Omemee-Kema Lidster. She was a brisk woman who said she was sixty but

looked younger. She had been born on an Indian reservation where her father was the minister, she explained, and her name meant Cooing Dove. Her friends called her Mamie.

We stopped for the night at a motel near Port Huron, Mich. I couldn't afford a room, and anyway I wanted to accustom myself to a sleeping bag. So I lugged my gear to a small park near the motel and settled in. Morning brought two elementary lessons in sleeping out: don't leave shoes on the ground—dew makes them soaking wet; and don't leave an alarm clock in a haversack—it won't wake you up.

On the road next morning an approaching car bleeped at us. I stopped and walked around our car to see what was wrong. Everything seemed in one piece, so I drove on. Presently another car bleeped at us. This time Mrs. Lidster had the answer. "They only want to be friendly," she said. "Both of them were Volkswagens too."

So we drove on through northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota and back into the Canadian prairies, cheerfully exchanging greetings with fellow Volkswagens every couple of hours.

At Regina I parted regretfully with Omemee-

Kema and her car and started hitchhiking. It was, to tell the truth, all hitch and no hike, because I could scarcely walk a step under my luggage, which consisted of a suitcase containing a spare suit and extra windbreaker, plus shirts, socks, underwear; a knapsack in which I kept my toilet kit and alarm clock; a sleeping bag rolled around a winter coat; a brief case bulging with my big logbook and materials for sketching—a hobby that would later, incredibly, rescue me from starvation. It was not until a Canadian Pacific Airlines dispatcher in Vancouver told me my luggage was two pounds over the sixty-six-pound limit that I realized how much weight I lugged across Canada.

Several short lifts set me down at eight o'clock on the gusty night of Friday, Sept. 6, at a highway intersection just west of Moose Jaw. I had made a cardboard sign lettered "Vancouver" but the wind was too strong for me to hold the sign up. By ten o'clock the wind was a gale and not a single car had so much as slowed down for me. I was ready to tie my luggage to a fence post and crawl into my sleeping bag for an uncomfortable night.

But first I tried prayer. I wondered what a clergyman would ask if **continued on page 57**



How the veterans are fighting the peace

Their pension battles won without bloodshed, most of them wanted to forget the big war. Only one in five joined a veterans' group, and the biggest of these—the Canadian Legion—is now slowly becoming just another service club

BY JOHN CLARE

In the Thirties a Toronto schoolteacher, preparing her pupils for Remembrance Day observance, asked them to describe a veteran. "A man who stands on the street corner and sells shoe laces and argues," was one reply.

In the minds of many people today's war veteran has moved indoors to a Legion hall where he sits around and drinks beer and continues to argue.

Both these pictures are caricatures. As might be expected of a civilian fighting force, Canada's soon reverted to its natural state after both world wars. Most of its members were proud to be in uniform but very glad to be out of it as soon as possible. Except for a few professional veterans, Canadian ex-servicemen act and look like anyone else their age, even to the unmilitary bearing. The identifying marks left by the war years are hidden deep in their hearts and their memories.

In 1945 people at home wondered how demobilized servicemen would act, how they would fit in. Many of them had gone directly from a depression's lines of jobless into the front lines

of a war. Would they find it possible to settle down? Would they act like special citizens, like veterans? Would they perhaps start their own political party? "

Time has provided the answers. They did settle down and behave about the same as anyone else. Those who are active in politics are identified with one or another of the parties in existence before the war. Their readjustment to civilian life was quick and fairly easy, smoothed by a business boom and generous rehabilitation grants.

Today, twelve years after their return, only one in five of Canada's veterans has joined an ex-servicemen's organization. Only half of World War II's veterans have bothered to write Ottawa for the campaign and service medals that are waiting for them.

By far the biggest of the veterans' organizations is the Canadian Legion with two hundred and twenty thousand members in twenty-three hundred branches in Canada and the United States. Since its beginning in Winnipeg in 1925 the Legion's mission has **continued overleaf**



SHOW GIRLS, the "De Lovelies," are hit Mount Pleasant Legion Branch 177 to aid the



are hit
aid the
of Queen of Hearts Ball organized by Vancouver's
fund-raising campaign of the B. C. Heart Foundation.



CLOWNS from the Legion entertain the children in hospitals, orphanages and at the Pacific National Exposition.



BABIES aided by the Legion meet branch founder, seventy-year-old Lewis MacDonald.

Are they vets or Elks? This is how a Vancouver Legion branch hides its memories in high jinks and good works



PLAYGROUND in Mount Pleasant area is operated by legionnaires. The branch pays for projects with profits from an eight-lane bowling alley, a restaurant and two coffee bars, as well as giant bingos.



SPORTS get a boost from the 900-member Legion branch: it sponsors a junior lacrosse team (above), which in 1956 won national championship. Legionnaires run projects from new million-dollar headquarters.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

THE NAKED TRUTH: The attempt of an eminent author-ess (Peggy Mount) to wheedle some knockout drops from an unresponsive pubkeeper (Raymond Rollett) is among the highlights of this broad and noisy comedy from Britain. The novelist is among the victims being blackmailed by the publisher of a scandal magazine (Dennis Price). Some of the clowning is about as subtle as a kick in the pants but there is a fine zany climax which includes the utter demoralization of Scotland Yard.

BLUE MURDER AT ST. TRINIAN'S: The demure hellions of England's most frightening school for girls are fraudulently sent to Europe as UNESCO ambassadors, with distressing impact on British prestige abroad. A good knock-about farce—with Joyce Grenfell, Richard Wattis, Terry-Thomas, and a much-too-brief cameo by Alastair Sim.

DAVY: A fat music-hall comedian with an operatic tenor voice (Harry Secombe) has to choose between Covent Garden and family solidarity. Rating: fair.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMs: By no means an item for casual "family entertainment," this is nonetheless a powerful drama based on Eugene O'Neill's 1924 stage play about greed, adultery and baby-murder on a New England farm in the 1850s. It is strongly acted by Burl Ives, Anthony Perkins and Sophia Loren.

LEGEND OF THE LOST: Handsomely photographed in the Sahara Desert, this is a farfetched sex-and-sand melodrama about a search for an ancient treasure-city in the wilderness. With John Wayne, Sophia Loren, Rossano Brazzi.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Across the Bridge: Drama. Good.
April Love: Comedy-drama. Good.
Bolshoi Ballet: Russian dancers in London. Excellent.
Campbell's Kingdom: Adventure. Good.
Decision Against Time: Drama. Good.
Don't Go Near the Water: Navy-base comedy. Good.
The Enemy Below: War at sea. Good.
Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.
The Hard Man: Western. Good.
A Hatful of Rain: Drama. Good.
Hear Me Good: Comedy. Poor.
Hell Drivers: Action drama. Fair.
How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair.
Jailhouse Rock: Musical. Fair—for Elvis Presley fans only.
Jet Pilot: Air romance. Poor.
Kiss Them for Me: Comedy. Good.
Lady Chatterley's Lover: French sex drama. Fair.
The Last Bridge: War drama. Good.
Les Girls: Musical. Excellent.
Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.
Lucky Jim: Comedy. Fair.
Man of a Thousand Faces: Lon Chaney biographical drama. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.
Monolith Monsters: Horror. Poor.
My Man Godfrey: Comedy. Fair.
No Down Payment: Drama. Fair.
Old Yeller: Boy-and-dog story. Good for youngsters.

The One That Got Away: Escape drama. Good.
Operation Mad Ball: Comedy. Good.
The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.
Peyton Place: Drama. Good.
The Rising of the Moon: Group of three Irish stories. Fair.
Robbery Under Arms: Adventure in Australia. Good.
Sad Sack: Jerry Lewis farce. Fair.
Satchmo the Great: Globe-trotting jazz documentary. Good.
Sayonara: Drama. Good.
The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.
Slaughter on Tenth Avenue: Crime drama. Good.
The Smallest Show on Earth: British comedy. Good.
Stopover Tokyo: Spy drama. Poor.
The Story of Mankind: Historical fantasy. Poor.
The Strange One: Drama. Good.
Summer Love: Teen-age drama. Fair.
Sweet Smell of Success: Drama. Good.
3 Faces of Eve: Drama. Fair.
Time Limit: Drama. Excellent.
Time Lock: Suspense drama. Good.
The Tin Star: Western. Good.
Tip on a Dead Jockey: Drama. Fair.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.
Woman in a Dressing Gown: British domestic drama. Fair.
Zero Hour: Suspense. Good.

been to get a better deal, particularly from the federal government, for all veterans. For many years the Legion has lived by itself and for itself behind the walls of its halls, coming out on Remembrance Day in official regalia to lead the community in services in memory of the fallen.

But with the latest increases in veterans' benefits (two raises in the last twelve months amounting to thirty-four million dollars a year) the Legion finds itself in somewhat the same position as a successful union that has won all its big objectives, such as recognition, and has no battles left to fight except an occasional skirmish over the contract.

Faced with a situation in which the organization must inevitably disappear unless there are new ways to make new members, and concerned with the failure of younger veterans to join and remain in its ranks in large numbers, the Legion has undertaken a new program designed to make itself more attractive to prospective members and to the community at large. The Legion hopes this year to be back up to a quarter of a million members, where it was immediately after the war, and hopes in time to reach the half-million mark. World War II veterans make up about sixty percent of the present membership.

Without abandoning its major tenet that what is good for the veteran is good for Canada, the Legion has gone out of its familiar role to sponsor scores of projects, ranging from pee-wee hockey teams to public-speaking contests. Within the Legion itself the social and sports program has been expanded to interest new members; it now runs its own national bonspiel. The new Legion looks more like a service club than the old soldiers' home it sometimes resembled in the past.

"The Legion can continue to be a vital, active force in Canada's future or it can go into a gradual decline where members sit in the lengthening shadows contemplating their youth," the Very Reverend J. O. Anderson, a padre who was wounded in Holland and who is a former national president, recently said in an interview. It was Anderson who preached the sermon at Christ Church Cathedral, of which he is dean, when the Queen and Prince Philip were in Ottawa.

While there are other influential veterans' groups, such as the Canadian Corps, the Legion is, in the eyes of its members at least, by far the most effective and the one most responsible for persuading the government to pay out four billion dollars in benefits since World War II. To help keep the veteran and his needs constantly before the legislators, the Legion maintains a national headquarters in Ottawa, now housed in a new eight-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar building. Seventy percent of all the cases its service bureau carries to such government agencies as the pensions commission are those of non-members.

Although D. L. Burgess, a retired federal civil servant and current president of the Legion, denies that his organization lobbies, a brief containing its demands is presented each year during the week of Remembrance Day, to the cabinet. When legislation affecting veterans is before the House of Commons legionnaires are urged to write their members and tell them to support it. Copies of the Legionary, the organization's official magazine, on one occasion were distributed through the House as propaganda before a vote on a veterans' measure.

Whether or not this kind of activity technically constitutes lobbying, the Legion is undeniably a pressure group with special interests. However, there have been better-informed pressure groups.

When parliament opened in October to consider a general upgrading of pension payments, including an extension of benefits for veterans, the Legion's headquarters had only an estimate of the number of MPs who were veterans, and no idea how many belonged to the Legion.

They knew, though, that for the first time the prime minister was a member of their organization. John Diefenbaker joined the Legion in Prince Albert, Sask. And they knew that fifteen of his twenty-one colleagues in the cabinet are veterans and legionnaires.

"No politician who was eligible would fail to join the Legion," said President Burgess confidently as the new parliament assembled. Yet of the hundred and four veterans in a House of two hundred and sixty-five, only fifty-four were members of the Legion.

Because the Legion concentrates its efforts on persuading the government of the day to bring down legislation that will assist veterans, it has stayed clear of identification with any party. Its high command has always included known supporters of the major parties. This not only gives the Legion a look of impartiality, but gives the organization good liaison no matter what party is in power. Legionnaires might support a veteran candidate in a local election but the Legion itself never has, and says it never will, officially take a stand for any candidate or party.

They've never had it better

This does not mean that the Legion has held itself aloof from political issues, particularly those which affect veterans. Long before World War II was over the Legion began to draw up its own program for the rehabilitation of veterans and present it to the government. The creaky pensions machinery, the skimpy patchwork of benefits originally available to the veteran of World War I was fresh in their memories. Veterans of World War II got the best deal any returning Canadian soldiers had ever received. The Legion takes credit for framing the Veterans Land Act, which provided many returning men with good homes. After World War I ill-suited and ill-equipped veterans, some with city backgrounds, had been sent to uncleared farms in remote parts of the country where many suffered hardship and failure.

"Where veterans are concerned the Legion is often the eyes and ears and sometimes the conscience of the people of Canada," A. J. Brooks, the new minister for Veterans' Affairs, himself a legionnaire from New Brunswick, has said.

From the beginning of World War II the Legion bombarded the government with demands for "total war" to include the conscription of all the country's resources, including its manpower. Since the end of the war the conscription demand has been revised to a demand for national registration.

In 1946 it wanted all Japanese, except war veterans, deported. During the war it demanded that the government brand all "zombies" traitors. Recently the Legion relented and invited those conscripts who saw active service to join the Legion. A few have joined.

In Vancouver, early in 1946, a group of legionnaires from the New Veterans' Branch took the law into their own hands after resolutions failed. The old Hotel Vancouver, owned by the CPR, had been closed in 1939 but was opened again the next year as a barracks. At the end of the war a campaign, supported by the Legion, was begun to convert the hotel into a hostel for returned men and their families.

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On January 26 thirty-five members of the New Veterans' Branch, with six women, marched through a snow storm and took possession of the building, which, except for a few military guards, was vacant. The veterans marched through the front door and announced to the soldiers on duty that they were taking over. No resistance was offered. Two constables came and asked questions and retired without taking action.

A hundred veterans were in the building by night and by the next day nine hundred had moved and a big banner reading, ACTION AT LAST! VETERANS! ROOMS FOR YOU! COME AND GET THEM! had been strung across the front of the hotel.

The hostel was soon placed under the operation of the Greater Vancouver Citizens' Rehabilitation Council, with pledges of help from city, provincial and federal governments, and ran until July 1948. Usually it housed at any one time twelve hundred people and over the period gave shelter to five thousand men, women and children.

The same year as the veterans' occupation of the old Hotel Vancouver came to an end, the Legion was asking for increased immigration, provided it was mostly British. More recently the Ontario Command criticized the help given to Hungarian refugees as being better than the treatment given Canadian veterans. The Legion has long clamored for a Canadian flag but has never been able to agree on a design to submit.

While the Legion's interests and resolutions have at times ranged beyond the sphere of veterans' affairs the Canadian organization has never had the American Legion's reputation for political reaction. The U.S. group has attacked the educational work of the United Nations and through its political activities was closely associated, by its critics, with McCarthyism.

The so-called soldiers' vote has never had any measurable impact on Canadian political life, probably because it is

widely dispersed geographically and has never been concentrated by a veterans' organization. Even late in the war, when servicemen as a group were highly critical of the manpower policy, they failed to register any effective protest at the polls.

Political organizers regard war service as a diminishing asset for a candidate. Whatever magic it might have wrought immediately after the war, voters now act as though they believe that bravery in the field is no guarantee of skill in the legislature. In choosing a candidate they seem to feel that war service is a useful plus for an aspirant to have, provided he measures up in other ways.

The horse rode an elevator

By far the greatest impact ever made on a community by Canada's veterans in bulk was registered in August 1934 when the first Canadian Corps Reunion was held in Toronto. The Legion had a hand in organizing this rally. A second reunion was held in 1938. A proposal for a third reunion in 1952 was abandoned when the city government turned down a request for a grant of twenty-five thousand dollars. The money was to ensure at least four bottles of beer for each of the celebrants. The Legion declined to support the most recent project.

Sixty thousand came to the 1934 reunion from all parts of the country to meet other Flanders old boys, to get drunk, and possibly to attend some of the meetings. It was a wonderful chance to brush aside for a while the dank mists of the Depression.

Men pranced around fires lit at main intersections, a horse was taken for a ride in a hotel elevator and the pandemonium went three times around the clock. When it was all over there were hundreds of veterans stranded without even enough money to start the return trip on the rods.

By 1938 Toronto felt it had recovered sufficiently to renew the invitation and

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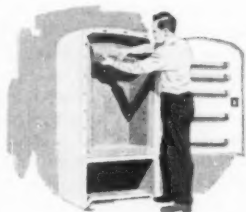
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"There's a spiritual, almost mystical quality; Even a glimpse is hard for outsiders to catch"

this time a hundred thousand showed up. By the end of the three-day reunion three had been killed by the revelry, and three hundred hurt.

Yet at the very heart of both these reunions, and discernible only at the huge drumhead services of remembrance, there was a spiritual, almost mystical, quality that all veterans' organizations have. Even a glimpse of it is hard for the outsider to catch, for it makes itself known only to those who were there together. What may look like the sentimentality of old soldiers is a truly profound feeling compounded of danger shared and the awareness of the ghostly presence of those who died.

Sir Arthur Currie, a former president, said it for the Legion when it was young when he said, "They served till dead, why not we?" Legionnaires are not ashamed to talk of their organization in these terms. Their words might sometimes sound merely pious if they were not so obviously sincere and if they did not back them up with a remarkable record of service.

Bill Caswell, of Toronto, cannot remember a week in the past thirty years that he has not been out one night or more on Legion business.

"I joined the Legion because I didn't like the prospect of going through life without helping other people," Arthur Adams, Toronto district commander, told me.

Charlie Logan, president of the Mount Dennis branch in Toronto, is used to getting telephone calls in the middle of the night from veterans in distress. "One night I was called out to help a Guelph veteran whose car had broken down. He had only a dollar in his pocket and said when he ran into difficulties he looked up the telephone number of the nearest Legion branch. I gave him enough money from our welfare fund to get him on his way."

All welfare grants from the Legion are gifts: none is a loan. No elected officers are paid.

Here are some typical Legion projects:

A contribution of twenty thousand dollars was made to the Canadian Olympic Training Fund to obtain better coaching for young athletes.

In Fenelon Falls, Ont., the branch bought an ambulance for the community and opened a safety campaign for children.

University scholarships worth fifteen thousand dollars were granted to the sons and daughters of veterans, bringing the total spent by the Ontario Command on this project to eighty-eight thousand dollars.

The Cheticamp, N.S., branch donated the furnishings for a hospital room.

Ontario legionnaires have been asked to will their corneas to the eye bank conducted by the CNIB.

Trail, B.C., legionnaires organized a senior citizens' club, making their own clubrooms available to it.

A public-speaking contest for Ontario secondary and elementary school children is conducted by the Legion on a province-wide basis.

The Dunnville, Ont., branch has sponsored a Teen Town to give the young people of the town more recreational facilities.

A national foster-father plan, whereby all members are encouraged to give a helping hand to the children of deceased

veterans, has now been launched.

A low-cost rental housing project has been started for veterans in Ottawa, where units are already occupied at thirty-five dollars a month. Houses are being built in Montreal and Toronto.

In addition to gifts of food and fuel to needy veterans, many of the branches give an outright gift of three hundred dollars to a widow of a veteran to cover immediate expenses at the time of death.

Some of the cost of these projects is paid for by fees, which average about six dollars per member a year. Out of this a payment or "tax" goes forward to maintain the provincial and dominion commands. Ottawa gets a dollar seventy from each member's fees to maintain the headquarters.

A well-known enterprise that the Legion conducts, and from which the organization makes about three hundred thousand dollars a year, is the sale of poppies prior to Remembrance Day. The poppies are bought from Vetcraft, a non-profit company operated by the Department of Veterans Affairs, which sells all of its output to the Dominion Command. Headquarters in turn sells the poppies to the provincial commands at a markup, and they do the same with the branches who sell them to the public.

In Toronto the city took away the Legion's tag-day privileges as a result of complaints of mismanagement, and the franchise was granted to Poppy Fund Incorporated in which several veterans' groups, not including the Legion, are represented. These groups use the profit from the sale of poppies to finance their own welfare projects. But, three years ago, the Legion invaded the Toronto area by mail with its own poppies. The Legion has been bitterly criticized for entering into competition in the sale of the scarlet symbols of sacrifice.

"More than beer and bingo"

While the Legion continues to compete in the sale of poppies in Toronto, it gives signs of being acutely aware of what the public thinks of the organization as a whole. It hopes that its new community-conscious program will help to convince Canadians that there is more to the Legion than beer, bingos, poppies and an occasional parade. But the Legion still faces the problem of attracting more younger men. The election of Alfred Watts, a Vancouver air-force veteran, as national president in 1950 indicated to them that there was high office open to them if they wanted it and has helped to dispel the impression that the older men covet control.

The Legion knows why some World War II veterans have not joined. They are not joiners as their fathers were. Some are repelled by the presence of men who use the Legion hall as a refuge. "They're the kind who never came home emotionally," says one former air-force man.

Some men such as Ron White, of Toronto, who was with a reconnaissance regiment overseas, went to one meeting and never went back. "They seemed to be more interested in drinking beer than in the veterans," he says. A Winnipeg man recently told this story of his initiation into a branch:

"I got there at the appointed hour with half a dozen other guys. The branch officers were an hour late, so we drank beer while we waited. We were

pretty sodden when they arrived and they were half-cut themselves. They lined us all up to take the oath of allegiance. The sight of all us drunks arranged before the Bible and the flag was so disgusting and at the same time ridiculous that I wanted to giggle.

"After the ceremony the branch president called to the sergeant-at-arms, 'Buy these men a beer.' I drank my beer and never set foot in the place again."

But the initiation ceremony as it is performed in the great majority of branches is a solemn ritual, which underlines the legionnaires' devotion to the pledge to continue to serve in peace as they did in war. The ceremony includes a call to remembrance phrased in Lawrence Binyon's familiar and eloquent words, which begin, "They shall not grow old as we who are left grow old . . ."

The charge that membership in the Legion is just an excuse to drink beer is a criticism frequently made but only twenty-one percent of its branches have beer licenses. A handful more have licenses to run cocktail lounges. However, many more would like to have bars or "canteens" because they are a rich source of revenue and because the men they are trying to persuade to join are men who sometimes take a drink.

Some branches make as much as fifty thousand dollars a year out of the sale of beer. Without this source of revenue, they say, their welfare and community programs would suffer. To some branches beer is the major source of income.

Most canteens look and smell like any other beer parlor but in some cities (Lethbridge is one) clean pleasant lounges where members can bring their wives and girl friends have been added.

In some towns the Legion Hall is a community centre, open to the public for

dances and bingoes. For travelers and strangers who can arrange guest privileges it has all the advantages of a club and in some dry areas where the Legion is permitted to run a canteen or bar it is the only place to get a drink.

The Legion is aware that the manner in which each branch conducts itself determines the picture and the estimate the people of that town will have not only of legionnaires but veterans as a group, so the Legion keeps a close eye on the branches. But in spite of its vigilance there are cases every year of branches running afoul of the liquor regulations or local bylaws. The charters of such branches are suspended by the Legion, and can be revoked.

The biggest bingo in town

One of the biggest and most unusual Legion operations in Canada is conducted by the Vancouver Mount Pleasant Branch 177, whose nine hundred members have a new million-dollar building and access to a co-operative store and a credit union. The three-story building contains an eight-lane bowling alley, a restaurant, and two coffee bars, which are run on a commercial basis and are open to the public.

The branch has no liquor license but operates the biggest bingo game in the city, and the revenue from this and the other facilities it offers maintains both the branch and an extensive welfare program that supplies comforts to hospitalized veterans and non-veterans alike.

In the winter the Saturday night crowds average 1,950. Players are packed not only into a new bingo room, but also into the branch's gymnasium and into another hall next door. The biggest crowd on any one night was 2,105.

The Friday night crowd averages a thousand, and Monday through Thursday there are about seven hundred players. In the summer attendance falls off slightly, but this is compensated for by a bingo game the branch runs at the Pacific National Exhibition—the biggest game on the grounds, with room for more than two thousand players.

In the course of a year the estimated bingo attendance is 275,000 to 300,000 people. By law the Legion can make fifty cents from each person, everything above that going into prizes. The fifty cents isn't clear profit, of course, for expenses have also to be paid.

The man behind these enterprises is seventy-year-old Lewis MacDonald. A stocky and dynamic man, MacDonald was, in 1915, Canadian lightweight boxing champion, and is a veteran of both wars. He has become Vancouver's most widely known legionnaire.

When he returned from overseas in 1944, where he had served as a boxing instructor, MacDonald became president of a new branch in Vancouver. "When they decided to go for a beer license I resigned," he says, "and founded 177."

In many ways the branch is a family affair. Lewis MacDonald is general manager of all three enterprises—Legion, co-op and credit union. His wife is also active. His thirty-seven-year-old son Elmer MacDonald has the post of secretary-manager of the building itself.

While the chief sources of revenue for the Canadian Legion's big program are still beer and bingo, much of the hard work is done by the hundred thousand women in the Ladies' Auxiliaries. These are the wives, daughters and mothers of legionnaires, and are not eligible to join the Legion itself. Nursing sisters, and women who enlisted in the three armed

services are, of course, eligible for full membership.

The auxiliary of a hundred and fifty women at the Todmorden branch, in Toronto, raised twenty thousand dollars in 1956 to help with work among veterans and in the community. Mrs. Jean Lyon is a member of that group and this is her week: "We play darts on Monday night—that's social. But Tuesday nights we help to run the bingo and on Wednesday after the bowling the women put on the social night here in the hall. We have a meeting every other Thursday and on Friday and Saturday nights there is always catering to be done. Our auxiliary supplies the food for the parties and receptions for which we rent the hall."

The money they make goes to the cancer fund, the St. John Ambulance, the Legion's own scholarship fund and the Olympic training plan. The women bought kitchen equipment worth twenty-five hundred dollars for the branch. Once a month they go to Sunnybrook Veterans' Hospital and put on a bingo for the ex-servicemen; they also visit the veterans at the Weston Sanitarium and leave them parcels of comforts as well as cash gifts.

Some Legion members are concerned by the growing emphasis on making money, even for good works. They are afraid that original objectives could be obscured. These legionnaires long for simpler days when a man could sit and drink a pint of beer while he talked about the war and beefed about his pension without having a bingo game howling around his ears.

But to most the new Legion, more closely integrated with the life of the community, means a stronger Legion, one that will continue to command attention and respect when it speaks for Canada's veterans. ★

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A noted doctor talks about alcohol and tranquilizers

Continued from page 13

statistics available, over a ten-year period—and this the very period in which a variety of new efforts have been taken to combat alcoholism. Will it continue to increase at this rate? So far, there doesn't appear to be any effective means of preventing such an increase.

When I refer to the fact that alcoholism has doubled in Ontario—and I'm dealing with Ontario because this is the province I'm most familiar with, and not because it is a special case—I don't mean that the population is larger and that we have a correspondingly larger number of alcoholics. I mean that in every hundred thousand adults in Ontario, male and female, twenty years of age and older, there are twice as many alcoholics as there were in 1946.

The question that may come first to your mind is: how do they know? After all, much alcoholic disease can remain hidden for years. I do not intend to attempt a detailed explanation in this article of how this information can be obtained. However, since I am going to tell you some things that many may not want to believe, I am going to discuss the validity of these statements briefly.

It happens that the over-all incidence of alcoholism, both obvious and hidden, in a community, a city, a county or a province, bears a definite, reliable relationship to the incidence of death from cirrhosis of the liver in that area. This relationship was established by Dr. E. M. Jellinek, now secretary-general of the International Institute for Research on Problems of Alcohol, and consultant on alcoholism for the World Health Organization, in Geneva. He developed his formula after a truly prodigious amount of study of hundreds of thousands of cases of both alcoholism and cirrhosis. Furthermore, his formula for the estimation of the incidence of alcoholism has been checked and verified by research workers in several European countries, as well as in Ontario.

Records of death from cirrhosis of the liver are just as reliable as records of death from tuberculosis, for example, and are available for years back. Even though many alcoholics do not acquire cirrhosis—and cirrhosis can be caused by many other things than heavy drinking—it is only necessary to establish the relationship between alcoholism and death from cirrhosis to have a known fact throw light on a hidden situation, and that is precisely what Dr. Jellinek has accomplished.

Now we shall consider some of the implications of this rapid increase in alcoholism. For one thing, young people today—your children and mine—stand twice the chance of becoming alcoholics as they would have in 1946; and that was chance enough.

You may have heard a great deal about the new treatment facilities, both public and private, to deal with alcoholism in Canada. Should we be reassured? The last reliable study undertaken by the Alcoholism Research Foundation brought to light the fact that only seven

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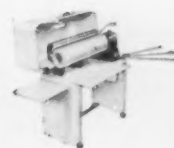
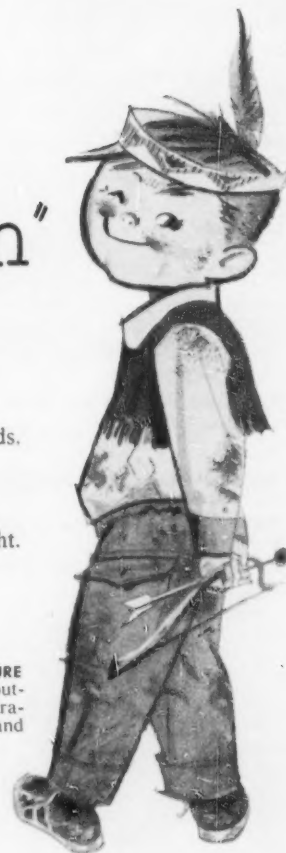
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"At present we can't check alcoholism as a whole, let alone prevent it"

percent of the alcoholics in a particular area had sought any kind of treatment anywhere, including Alcoholics Anonymous. I believe that there are still more people dying each year as a direct or indirect result of alcoholic disease in Canada, than are being helped by all agencies combined. I believe that there are also more new cases each year than are being helped by all agencies combined.

Alcoholism is still more prevalent among men than women, but the women seem to be struggling valiantly to close the gap. I believe that only a small number of alcoholics who continue drinking live to a ripe old age. The life-insurance underwriters believe this too.

Accordingly, one would expect to find a higher incidence of alcoholism among the male working population, particularly between the ages of thirty and fifty. Actually, in Ontario the incidence of alcoholism in industries studied to date is about six percent of the working population. Members of this group average 18.5 days absenteeism per year. I can almost hear the snorts of disbelief of many employers at this statement. My personal opinion is that the six-percent figure could be low. Since repeated Monday morning absenteeism was one of the criteria for investigation in these studies, I can only conclude that late, rather than early, manifestations of alcoholism were used. Apparently, we still wait for the phenomenon of recurrent "drunkenness" or absenteeism to signal the presence of problems which have involved alcohol intake in toxic quantities for many years without drunkenness or absenteeism.

If the six-percent figure for industry is even remotely close to the truth of the situation concerning the problems in Canadian and American industry arising from the excessive use of our most commonly used "habituating drug" (ethyl alcohol), the economic cost to industry alone is so great as to be practically incalculable.

There are still many indications that alcoholic disease is more prevalent in United States than Canada, but, in Ontario at least, we appear to be catching up quite rapidly. Even several years ago the cost of alcoholism to U.S. industry alone was estimated to be approximately one billion dollars annually. The annual cost to Canadian industry is anybody's guess, but it would be wise to assume that it is closer to one hundred million than one million dollars annually. The cost to industry in dollars and cents is but a fraction of the cost of alcoholism to the country as a whole.

Ask social-service agencies how much of their work is directly or indirectly the result of alcoholism. Ask the officials of the Department of Reform Institutions what proportion of their total budget has to be directed toward the management of problems arising out of alcoholism. Ask anyone, from the obstetrician to the undertaker, whose work directly concerns some phase of the well-being of people in this country, and you will begin to appreciate the enormity of this problem. There are approximately eighty thousand cases of alcoholism in Ontario alone.

How are we making out, so far, in our battle against alcoholism? By now you should realize that very little has been accomplished in treating the problem as a whole, and absolutely nothing has been accomplished in prevention. We can't even begin to check it, let alone prevent it. What is the immediate outlook for more effective action? In my

opinion, it is very poor, and for the following reasons:

Psychiatrists, internists, sociologists and others have conflicting opinions as to the main causes of the excessive use of alcohol. There is still no agreement as to when the use of alcohol could be considered excessive from even a clinical standpoint. There is still no agreement on terminology, on clinical procedures, on evaluation of treatment results, or even upon areas of research. The total implications of this situation, from the standpoint of social health and stability, are nothing short of frightening.

Since there is no agreement on terminology in the whole field of addiction it becomes necessary for each writer attempting to make some sense in this field to define his own terms. This I shall do now before attempting to suggest any solutions to this problem.

HABITUATING DRUGS: What properties does a chemical or drug require in order to be considered an "habituating drug"? The drug must be able to produce some type of welcome effect. This welcome effect is usually one of relieving such unpleasant states as pain, tension, frustration and depression, or producing the exaggerated sense of well-being that we call euphoria. From our clinical experience of the last eleven years I am convinced that any drug that could be considered a nervous-system depressant or a nervous-system stimulant can be considered an habituating drug. Whereas in 1800 there were only three or four substances available to man that could qualify as habituating drugs, today there are hundreds. Alcohol is still the most important habituating drug in our society.

ADDICTION: What is an addiction? We have come to believe that an addiction can be defined as: "A way of life that involves repeated or continuous dependence on harmful quantities of any chemical capable of producing welcome effects." Since harmful or toxic quantities of a particular chemical are involved, sooner or later disease results from chronic toxic exposure to the chemical on which the person depends. Thus, there are at least two distinct but interrelated clinical problems encountered in the addictive process: the "way of life" itself, in which the individual depends on chemicals rather than on latent resources within himself and other people; and the physiological changes resulting from the acute and chronic toxic effects of the chemical or chemicals on which he depends.

DISEASE: Any abnormal condition in the body.

ALCOHOLISM: A complex human phenomenon, involving both addiction to alcohol and disease from it. In my opinion, it is a mistake to refer to alcoholism simply as a disease. It is more than a disease—it is both disease and addiction. In dealing with the disease part of alcoholism we treat the abnormal conditions in the body resulting from chronic alcohol poisoning. In treating the addiction part of alcoholism we try to assist the patient in the attainment of a new way of living that does not involve further exposure to alcohol and other nervous-system depressants.

There are about twenty different types of alcoholic disease that can be an outgrowth of a way of life that involves

prolonged heavy drinking. None of them are pretty, and they can include convulsions, mental illness, paralysis, permanent brain damage, liver disease, the "shakes"—which the patient learns to treat with his "morning drink"—amnesia, hallucinations, delirium and progressive blindness.

No, I'm not trying to give an old-fashioned "temperance" lecture; I'm simply telling you of some of the conditions I have observed over and over again. At least we can say with reasonable safety that a way of life that involves heavy drinking is a bit dangerous.

Who are these people who first acquire a way of life that involves heavy drinking and then maintain it until disease from repeated overdosage of alcohol results? Are they bums and illiterates? Not at all. In fact, they are in every conceivable profession and business, and at all levels. The incidence of alcoholism appears to increase with economic status, and since economic status is often related to education, we find high-school and college graduates are more commonly affected than public-school graduates.

What about the other habituating drugs?

OLDER NERVOUS-SYSTEM DEPRESSANTS: This group is made up of such drugs as the barbiturates (phenobarbital, nembutal, seconal, sodium amytal, tuinal, etc.), bromides, paraldehyde and chloral hydrate. As with alcohol, the danger lies in taking too much, or more than the body can handle easily. When used properly in the doses prescribed by a physician these drugs can play a very important part in the treatment of a great variety of disabilities. When the patient undertakes the self-administration of these drugs in increasing doses he is headed for certain and serious trouble.

At various times we have had to treat patients addicted to all the older depressants. Most of the barbiturate addicts I have known were first alcohol addicts who later shifted to barbiturates, either on their own or with medical assistance. Barbiturate intoxication and barbiturate disease resemble alcohol intoxication and alcoholic disease but, generally speaking, are more serious. Within the past few years we have encountered very few cases of addiction to the older depressants but have had several cases of addiction to the new nervous-system depressants known as the tranquilizers. No studies have been made that indicate the extent of addiction to any of the nervous-system depressants, other than alcohol.

TRANQUILIZERS: The tranquilizers have revolutionized the treatment of many psychiatric diseases and, as such, constitute a very significant advance in medicine. As with any other chemical or drug, they can be taken in doses that produce toxic effects, and, by virtue of their ability to produce welcome effects also, they can qualify as habituating drugs. Equanil (Miltown) may have beneficial effects in some people in the recommended doses, but the effect of twenty or more tablets a day over a period of months can be equally as disastrous as chronic overdosage with barbiturates.

All tranquilizer addicts who have come to our attention to date were either formerly addicted to alcohol or had combined tranquilizers with alcohol and maintained a simultaneous intake of both nervous-system depressants in toxic quantities. How to keep from growing old!

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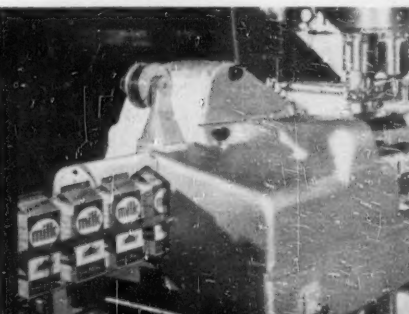
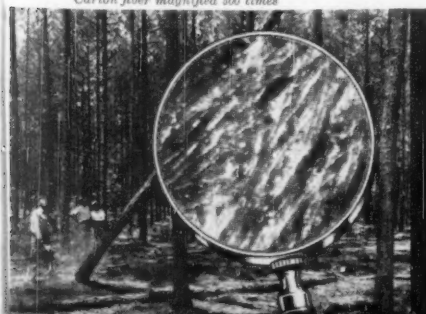
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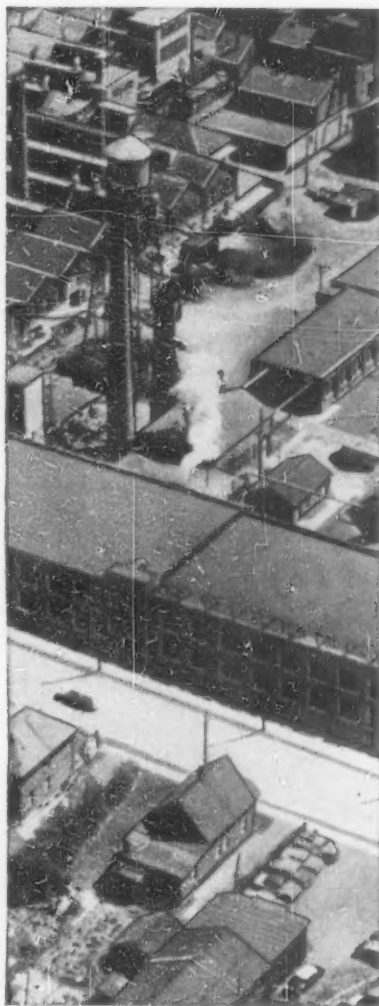
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are available without prescription, in contrast to the situation in the United States. Whereas in U.S. there are some indications that the enormous use of tranquilizers (\$195 million wholesale price in 1957) represents a replacement of older depressants for new, in Canada this does not appear to be the case.

I am informed by wholesale-drug companies and by druggists that their sales of the older nervous-system depressants have not been affected by the tranquilizers. In other words, the widespread use of tranquilizers represents an *additional* use of nervous-system depressants. The alarming feature is the rate at which the tranquilizers are gobbled up by the public. Many druggists are concerned about the quantities used by some of their customers. One druggist refused to sell any more tranquilizers to a customer, who came back in a short time with a prescription for the same substance.

Apparently alcohol and the older depressants can't fulfill the demands of the "national" neurosis in our two countries. Of one thing we can be very sure: when we add together the sales of nervous-system depressants from the alcohol-beverage industries and the drug houses, we realize that the nervous-system-depressant business is very big business indeed.

Have we any general program of instruction as to the early recognition of toxic effects from nervous-system depressants, including alcohol, to guide those who undertake self-administration? We have not. In fact, we do not yet provide adequate instruction on this matter for many physicians. It would be my guess that the use of tranquilizers is extensive and that not one in a thousand knows how to recognize toxic effects, realizes the significance of an increasing tolerance, or understands the problems within himself or his environment that make him feel the need for a nervous-system depressant.

NARCOTICS: I am only going to mention the opiates and other narcotics briefly. In my opinion, they do not constitute as serious a problem in Canada as the other depressants. I do not mean to imply that narcotic addiction is not a serious problem requiring more attention, but in Canada and U.S. we should give alcohol first place as a hazard to health and assume that, among all the rest of the habituating drugs, the sedatives and tranquilizers are second in importance.

NERVOUS - SYSTEM STIMULANTS: The most important group of drugs in this class are the amphetamine compounds, such as benzedrine, dexedrine and methdrine. Within recent months two patients have come to my attention, maintaining a daily intake of about twenty times the recommended dose. Some amphetamine addicts take much more. One of these patients was a business executive who had begun using these stimulants about four years ago to keep going when fatigued. Eventually he had to have them; without them he experienced such a disabling state of mental under-activity, lack of drive, inability to concentrate, and feeling of depression that he was quite unable to carry on his work.

There is considerable evidence that amphetamines may also be used to excess by some transport drivers.

How many more people in Canada are maintaining an intake of nervous-system stimulants in toxic quantities in order to meet the demands of their job? How many attempt to balance the effect of toxic quantities of a stimulant with toxic quantities of a depressant, and vice versa?

What is the real meaning of such an extensive use of the chemicals that affect the nervous system? Why is there such a widespread tendency to change the way we feel in such a potentially dangerous fashion? Why do so many fail to find within themselves the resources to adjust to their life situations in a constructive yet comfortable manner? Have we somehow developed social situations that no one could be expected to adjust to satisfactorily? Does most of the fault lie in the underdeveloped resources of those who depend on chemicals in toxic quantities, or have these people been deficient in resources since conception?

The last possibility I discount as being of any great significance. Most people who become addicted to alcohol, for example, impress me as having excellent latent resources which somehow have been ineffectively harnessed. I am also of the opinion that some industrial situations, particularly at the managerial and executive level, could not be adjusted to satisfactorily by anyone, however strong or stable.

"Should industry finance addiction study?"

I believe that many physicians have failed to take the possibility of addiction into account seriously enough when prescribing drugs. I am absolutely convinced that special precautions should be taken routinely in prescribing any nervous-system depressant to anyone who already has or has had an addiction to that or any other nervous-system depressant.

I have a few suggestions about some aspects of our alcohol and drug problems.

Concerning early diagnosis, I suggest that it would be extremely helpful if every health examination of an adult in Canada would include at least an attempt to assess the relationship between the patient and the drugs that directly affect the nervous system. We still check for syphilis fairly routinely, even though syphilis is now encountered rarely. Why not at least attempt to check the possibility that a patient may be assuming a way of life that involves the intake of a nervous-system depressant or stimulant in toxic doses?

The immediate hazards associated with the acute toxic effects of nervous-system depressants are most frequently encountered in the operation of a motor car. In this regard it should be understood that the parts of the brain concerned with judgment are affected before the parts that control our movements. Impaired judgment could thus occur without staggering or slurred speech. Some people can tolerate more alcohol than others before the obvious signs of depressed brain function occur. It is equally true that some people can drive more safely than others at speeds in excess of fifty miles an hour.

If there is any sense to laws about speed limits, there is equal sense to laws about alcohol limits. In my opinion, anyone found with a blood alcohol level of one part per thousand or more should be guilty of an offense, as automatically as the person exceeding the speed limit. On the one hand we have more and faster motor cars with an increasing requirement for mature judgment, fast reflexes and a high standard of physical and mental health; and on the other hand we have an increasing general tendency to

depress the very functions required.

The most important aspect of any addiction is the "phase of resistance"—the period during which the addict maintains his way of life by rationalization, cover-up, lying, hiding his supply, blaming others for his problems, and resenting those who attempt to have him change his way of life.

This phase is common to all addictions, and the addict usually maintains his addiction long after it has become extremely hazardous to himself and others. I have known addicts who persisted in their addiction until they killed someone during their episodes of uncontrolled behavior. Thousands upon thousands maintain it until they have destroyed their homes, psychologically crippled their children and lost their jobs.

When a person acquires tuberculosis he acquires a condition that is progressively dangerous to himself and others. We have a law that at least takes some account of the situation and forces the tuberculous patient to begin treatment. In spite of the fact that alcoholic disease is equally as destructive from the patient's standpoint, and much more destructive to those with whom he is closely associated, we persist in allowing the alcoholic's own sick thinking to be the main determining factor as to when, if ever, he accepts treatment for his condition.

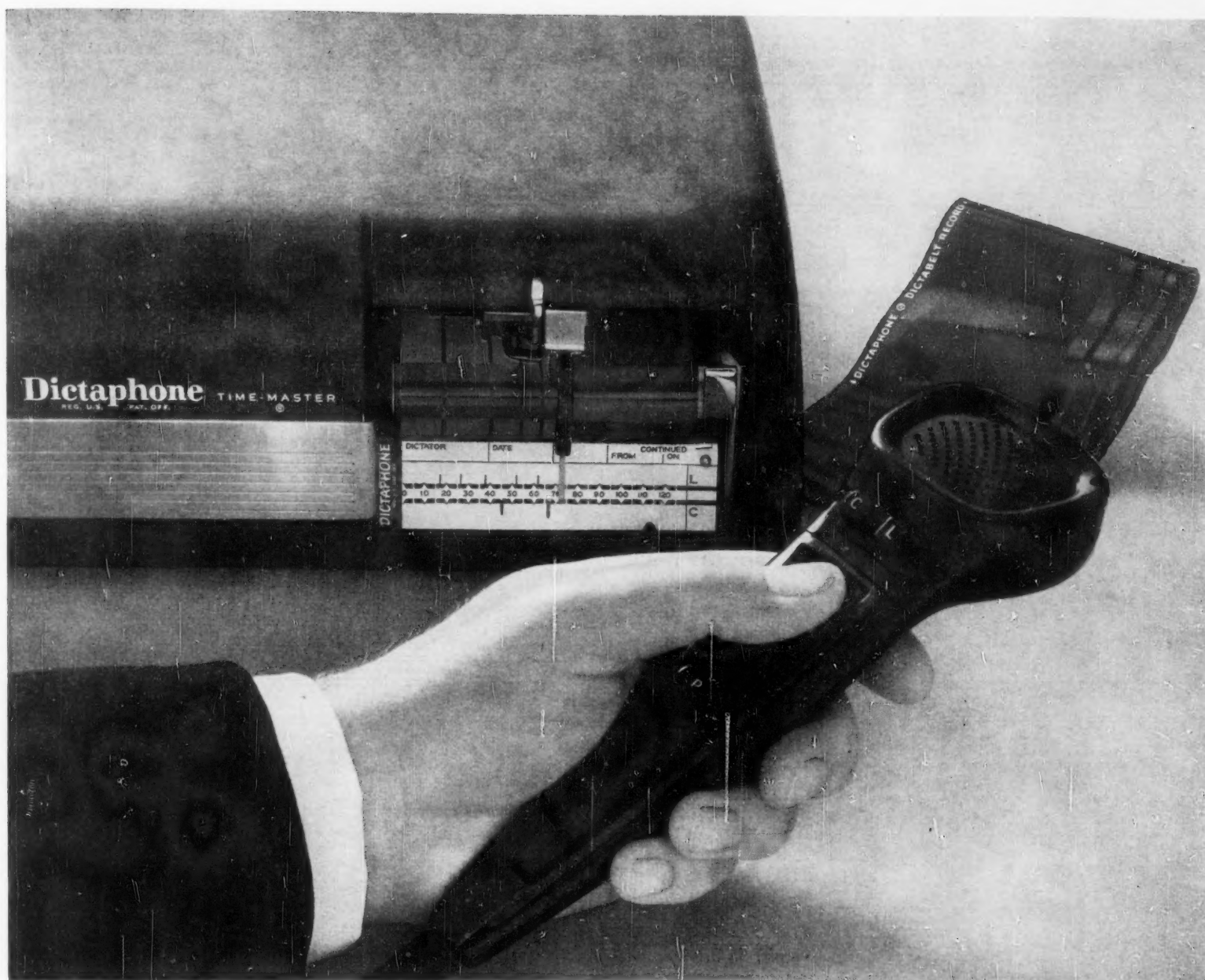
When, and only when, we have adequate facilities for earlier treatment and rehabilitation of alcohol and drug addicts, we should consider new legislation to enable more effective management of this unwholesome social situation. By adequate facilities I mean facilities quite separate from those designed for the mentally ill.

Finally, I have a few suggestions about prevention. The prevention of alcoholism will only come about when we have re-examined the very roots of our modern way of life—its values, its purpose, its weakness and its strength. The correct answers to the alcoholism problem alone should shed new light on every psychological and social problem with which we are presently faced.

If our governments can find billions in response to possible threats from without, could they not find at least millions for known threats from within? If alcohol alone could be responsible for a loss to Canadian industry of a hundred million dollars annually, would it not be sensible for industry to finance research into this problem to the extent of at least one percent of this figure, or a million dollars annually? Would not many families who have had to live with alcohol or drug addicts be willing to contribute ten dollars a year toward research into these problems? Research on just such a scale could begin to be effective quickly provided the central direction could be completely free of political interference.

In conclusion, I quote a statement from Dr. J. K. W. Ferguson, chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Alcoholism Research Foundation in Ontario: "Our basic problem is not habit-forming drugs, but habit-forming people." Attempts to place the whole responsibility for the excessive use of nervous-system depressants on the alcohol-beverage industries and the drug manufacturers are only indicative of ignorance of the over-all problem and of our futile attempts to cope with it thus far.

When our basic research into addictions is in keeping with the size of the problem, then, and then only, will we be in a position for positive action. Then and then only can we count on educational programs and clinical procedures that can institute prevention. ★



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Canada's last great train robbery continued from page 20

"Move!" The bandit fired and the train raced furiously for help

conductor's hand. He sat down abruptly. In the cab, engineer George Alexander interpreted the signal as, "Stop at Sentinel." Number 63 chugged on.

The gunmen, barking orders in strong Russian accents, herded all the passengers

into the first-class coach. There was no resistance; everyone was cowed by the gun shot. But the women, at least, were terrified. Mrs. Mark Gaskell and her small daughter Annie huddled together, expecting to be robbed and perhaps man-

handled. Mrs. Gaskell dropped her voluminous hat over her purse; Annie shoved her puppy under too.

But the bandits seemed to have a vague sort of chivalry. No women were searched. On seeing this, several men passed

their wallets to women who tucked them into dresses or under hats.

Two men saved their cash by slipping it into their socks. A power-company manager stuffed a thousand dollars in cash and cheques behind his seat cushion. As a bandit approached, the manager said, "My money's in the right-hand pocket."

The bandit drew out sixty-five cents.

"Keep it," he said sourly.

"Thanks for leaving me supper money," said the manager, but politely.

The quick-triggered man with the Mauser relieved conductor Jones of \$27.95 railway money and fifty dollars of his own. He took twenty-five dollars from baggageman J. H. Staples, and forty from a brakeman named Hickey.

"By God, that's all I've got!" complained Hickey.

"That's all right, you earn more," said the bandit.

Within ten minutes the trio had about three hundred dollars but were grumbling disappointedly. Obviously they'd expected a large bankroll. They ignored the express car but frisked two men down to their underclothes. Then the train stopped at Sentinel.

"Why we stop?" cried one of the bandits.

Jones refused to answer. The trio headed for the door. As a final indignity the man with the Mauser yanked Jones' watch from his vest, breaking the gold chain. Jones fumed, but in silence.

Outside, one gunman shouted to the astonished engineer, "When I shoot, you move!" Several passengers who'd planned to detain at Sentinel changed their minds. The shot rang out, the bandits vanished over a knoll and Number 63 puffed so furiously over the next five miles, including a twisting route around Crowsnest Lake, that Mrs. Mark Gaskell thought "we'd all fall in the drink."

At Crowsnest station Jones telegraphed to the Alberta provincial police. The alarm chattered through Coleman, Cowley, Fort Macleod, Calgary, Edmonton and scores of intermediate stations. Everywhere people were aghast. Freda Bundy, wife of the CPR agent at Cowley, gasped, "But people just don't rob trains any more!" The telegraph went wild with messages and soon armed men began pouring into the Pass.

That was Monday. By Tuesday the Pass was teeming with provincial police, RCMP, CPR police, reserve-army men and civilians. Three East Kootenay Indians were called in as trackers. But the bandits had vanished. It was perfect hideout country: bush, craggy mountains, ten coal-mining and farming communities within a thirty-five-mile span and, in the very middle, the Frank Slide—thirty-two-hundred acres and seventy million tons of boulders that had spilled over the valley from Turtle Mountain in 1903, crushing a town and sixty-six people. In the Slide, searchers would have to step on a man to find him.

But police at least were able to identify the bandits from their descriptions. The brawny mustached man with the glass eye was Tom Basoff. His Mauser-toting pal was Ausby (Alex) Auloff. The third was George Akoff. Wags in the posse soon referred to the three as the "All-offs." They were described as Russians in their twenties or thirties. Basoff and Akoff had worked in the Pass as casual laborers and sheepherders.

There was a possible special motive for the crime too. Police thought the trio had expected to find the "king" of prairie bootleggers, Emilio (Emperor Pic) Picariello, or a confederate, on the train. Picariello, until he was hanged in 1923 for his part in the shooting of a Moun-

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tie, ran liquor between the U.S. and Canada. It was said he made "collection" trips by train, carrying large bank-rolls. It was even rumored that Emperor Pic started out on No. 63 that day, sensed trouble and dropped off at Coleman. At least, judging from the way they searched male passengers, the bandits *thought* he was aboard.

For five days Basoff, Auloff and Akoff eluded the posse. Later, police reconstructed their movements. The trio quarreled and Auloff headed for the international boundary, fifty miles south, with conductor Jones' watch. (It was never established what happened to the three hundred dollars.) On Friday night Basoff and Akoff visited a dance hall and a bawdy house in Bellevue, Alta., a grimy little mountain coal town. No one notified the police. Among their friends, Basoff and Akoff were known as "good sports."

At two p.m., Saturday, August 7, Basoff and Akoff strolled jauntily down Bellevue's main street. They paused in front of justice of the peace Joseph Robertson's office window to read and chuckle over their own "Wanted" posters. Robertson glanced out and recognized Basoff by his artificial eye.

The bandits sauntered into the Bellevue Café. Robertson sprinted for a policeman. He met three: RCMP Corporal Ernest Usher, a twenty-six-year-old Irishman from County Galway; Constable Frederick Bailey, a thirty-year-old Englishman in the natty blue uniform and leather leggings of the APP, and World War I veteran James Frewin, an APP constable in civilian clothes.

Frewin boldly entered the Chinese café and casually glanced around. In the second booth Basoff was munching a steak; Akoff, a plate of cold ham. Frewin stepped outside, checked his .38 Smith and Wesson and his .32 Browning automatic, nodded to Bailey and Usher and led the way back in.

"Put up your hands," he ordered. "We're police officers."

"Why for we put up our hands?" said Akoff and reached under the table. Frewin shouted another warning, saw a gun barrel come up and opened fire. Akoff slumped but did not fall. Frewin backed toward the front door, fumbling for his second gun, as Bailey moved forward from a rear entrance.

The powerful Basoff lunged for Corporal Usher's gun. The Mountie fired into Basoff's right leg. There were more shots. Then Bellevue's horrified citizens, watching from stores, livery stable and barber shop, saw a grim tableau: Usher stumbled to the door and fell bleeding on the step. Bailey backed out, fell over Usher and lay momentarily stunned. Next came Akoff, bleeding and retching. He staggered thirty yards from the door and fell mortally wounded.

Basoff limped to the doorway, carrying his Luger and Usher's .45. At that moment Bailey stirred and Basoff shot him in the head, then pumped more shots into Usher, killing them both.

From behind a telephone pole Joe Robertson, the middle-aged J.P., gamely fired a .22-calibre pistol, missing each time. Basoff ignored him and limped into the mountains. Around the corner Frewin snapped some shots at the escaping gunman but they were wide of their mark.

With two policemen dead, every other police officer in southern Alberta was determined to take Basoff and Auloff (who was still believed to be in the Pass, though, in fact, he had already crossed into the U.S.). Men came in by car, train and horse-and-buggy. By Sunday at least two hundred were combing the

Pass. It was a weird setting—gloomy Rockies looming through rain and mist, grubby little mining towns full of people who hadn't cared much for the law since prohibition and so weren't always co-operative, lonely mining shacks and pits, any of which could shelter a gunman.

Everyone was jumpy and on Sunday night the inevitable happened. Nick Kislick, an enthusiastic civilian searcher, entered an abandoned shack while a police constable covered the outside. A train went by. Kislick leaped from the shack window, apparently planning to board and search the train. The constable saw a dim running figure. His "Halt" was lost in the train's roar. He killed Kislick with one shot.

Miraculously, there were no more accidents, although with three police forces working under separate commands there was some confusion. Through all of it Basoff stayed at large.

About 11 a.m. Monday he limped to the Joe Holloway ranch near Frank, only about two miles from Bellevue. Mrs. Holloway, alone with her small daughter, hastily handed over bread, cheese, three slices of bacon and a dipper of water.

"Don't tell the police I was here," Basoff warned and hobbled away, disheveled and obviously in pain. But Mrs. Holloway took a chance, phoned for help and soon had forty men on the spot. They searched the rocks in pouring rain—but no Basoff.

Basoff's fleeting appearance added a filip of excitement. Women barred their doors. Travelers refused to pick up hitchhikers. The Chataqua, the famous traveling stage show of the 1920s was playing in the Pass to near-empty halls.

On every southern Alberta street corner, conversations began with, "Have they got 'em yet?" People began to heckle the police. A Lethbridge man wired the RCMP, whether seriously or sarcastically no one was sure, "PLEASE PUT OFF SEARCH UNTIL WEEK-END SO I CAN HELP." At Cowley an ominous crudely lettered note was tossed from a passing train. "Stop the hunt for Basoff or you will rue the day." It turned out the note was written by a mischievous boy.

But the police were doing their best against considerable odds. Some went sleepless for three days. Sudden showers drenched them. Rocks chewed at their boots. Dozens of false alarms had to be investigated; so did every car, train or horse-drawn vehicle leaving the area. Every noise or shadow could mean that Basoff or Auloff had them in a gun sight. One night RCMP constable Ray Hobkirk was frightened nearly out of his wits when a bear cub shuffled onto the lonely trail Hobkirk was guarding.

But on Wednesday, August 12, the searchers took new hope. From Seattle, Wash., came two deputy sheriffs and three highly rated bloodhounds. The bloodhounds—Dynamite, age six, Lightning, age five, and Dan, a pup—were insured for five thousand dollars. Police, citizens and a delegation of mongrels respectfully greeted their train at Frank. The hounds stepped down and bayed ferociously. The local people and dogs were much impressed.

Deputy sheriffs Asa Lee and C. H. Kearney huddled with the Mounties, provincials and CPR police officials. It had rained all night and hundreds of men had crisscrossed Basoff's five-day-old trail. But Lee and Kearney let the hounds sniff a cap purported to be Basoff's and said reassuringly, "They'll get the scent!"

Off raced the hounds—in different directions. They were an unqualified failure. Dan, for example, led his party up

a mountain for a half hour, then stopped and sniffed. The police peered warily into the mist, guns drawn. But Dan merely investigated a bush, bayed and led his men back downhill.

As it turned out the dogs were attempting the impossible. By that afternoon the incredible Basoff had slipped through the police cordon, hobbled twenty miles east on his festering wound, clambered eight hundred feet across a railway trestle near Cowley and was close to freedom.

Then he made a simple mistake in hobo etiquette.

Late that evening CPR engineer Harry Hammond, operating a pusher engine three miles west of Pincher station, caught a man in his headlight and was instantly alert. The man looked away as Hammond approached. Most waysiders, even bums, waved or at least looked at a passing train. Hammond went on to Cowley, full of suspicion.

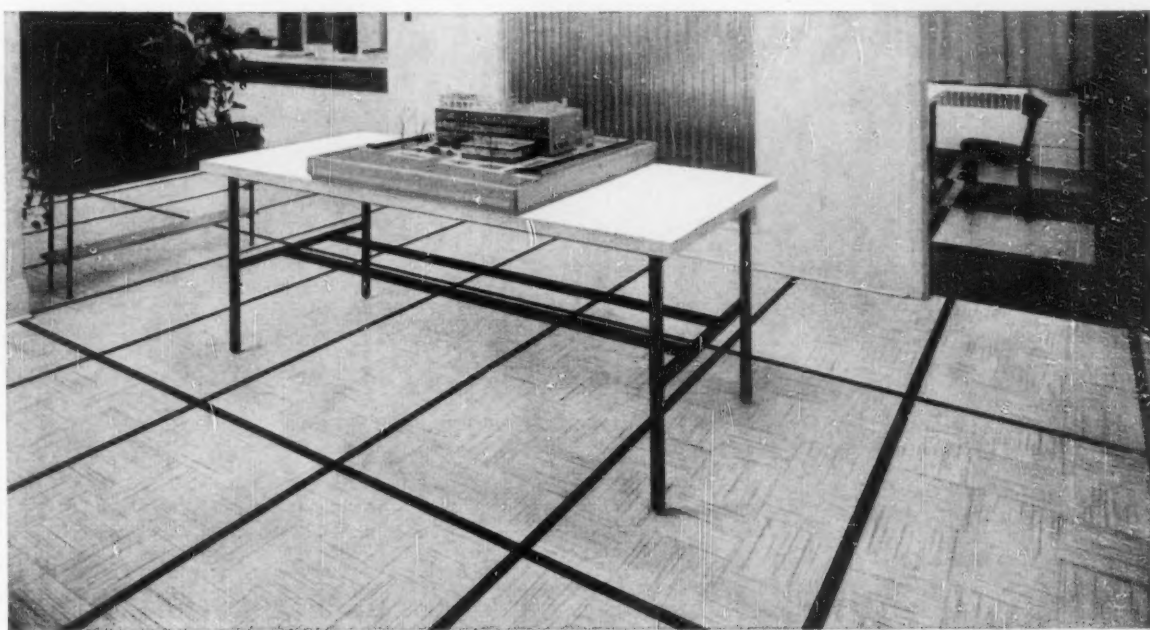
"Come on," he told station agent Clarence Bundy. "I think I saw Basoff down the track."

"You want to chase Basoff without guns?" snorted Bundy. "The railway po-

lice are just five miles from here. I'll call them."

At 11 p.m. Hammond ferried CPR constables Sawyer, Hallworth, Towler and J. J. Glover into Pincher. Meanwhile, Basoff disguised his limp, entered a Pincher store, bought a bag of biscuits and a tin of bully beef and walked out, unnoticed among the many ragged transients that followed the rails in those days.

Outdoors, he squatted beside a stockyard feed shed and wolfed the food, his first since leaving the Holloway ranch sixty hours before. He was still there,



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one hand in the biscuit bag, when CPR constable Glover turned a flashlight on him.

"Hands up!" said Glover, drawing his gun.

"You crazy? What for I hold my hands up?" protested Basoff.

"Get 'em up," snapped Glover. Basoff still didn't move. Glover, a tall raw-boned war veteran, kicked Basoff's right elbow hard. Basoff raised his hands. Towler snapped on handcuffs. Glover pulled a loaded .45 Colt automatic from inside Basoff's shirt.

Tom Basoff was convicted of constable Bailey's murder and was hanged in December. There was still no trace of Auloff or the gold watch. Most Albertans forgot the case but conductor Sam Jones kept hoping and the provincial police kept hunting.

APP Assistant-Superintendent J. D. Nicholson, an ex-Mountie, personally headed the search. He traced Auloff through lumber camps and towns all over the northwestern U.S. At every stop he left Auloff's description and that of the stolen watch. But Auloff had made many friends (perhaps with train-robbery money). Nicholson was soon marked as a policeman and, somehow, Auloff always was warned as his pursuer closed in.

Finally Nicholson relinquished the search to detective Ernest Schoeppe. Schoeppe was admirably fitted for the job—a patient, powerful thick-shouldered man, more than six feet tall. As a police interpreter he spoke English, German, Polish, Russian, Slavish, Bohemian and Ruthenian tongues or dialects. For three months, posing as a transient and friend of Auloff, Schoeppe drifted through Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Washington. Auloff's friends suspected nothing; once, in fact, they urged Schoeppe to start a fund to help Auloff in his flight. But whether by accident or cunning, the train bandit was always a little ahead of the detective.

Auloff disappeared, probably into Mexico. Schoeppe returned to the Calgary detachment and bided his time. On January 18, 1924, he received a telegram from the Portland, Ore., police. Conductor Jones's watch had turned up in a Portland pawnshop. Schoeppe took a train to Oregon, redeemed the watch and tracked down Ali Hassen, the man who'd pawned it.

"Where'd you get it?" Schoeppe asked.

"I won it at poker from a miner in Butte, Montana," said Hassen. The "miner" answered Auloff's description. Hassen and Schoeppe went to Butte. Within half a day they caught up with Auloff, posing under another name. He agreed to go to Canada but insisted Schoeppe had the wrong man.

The train moved north and Schoeppe pulled out the conductor's watch with an elaborate pretense of checking the time. Auloff watched from the corner of an eye. Schoeppe dangled the watch a second, then a third time. Finally Auloff grinned ruefully. "All right, I'm your man. That damn watch! I wish I'd thrown it away."

In Alberta, Jones met the train to identify the bandit and claim his property. As he entered the coach a cocky cigar-smoking Auloff—the man who'd shot at him three and a half years before—called cheerfully, "Hello there, conductor."

"Where's the watch?" growled Jones. "Right here," grinned Schoeppe.

The watch appeared as evidence at the trial, where Auloff was sentenced to seven years. Then Sam Jones claimed it—and the great Crowsnest train robbery was over. ★

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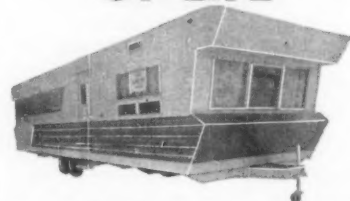
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How Doug Harvey loafed his way to fame continued from page 23

"The point isn't whether or not to loaf," says Harvey, "but when"

front of it, providing balance. His arms hang limply at his sides. His face is chubby and his green eyes are wide and round, and they give him a casual innocent look, suggesting disinterest. He skates effortlessly, but with sudden sharp acceleration that shifts him into top speed in a few quick strokes. He looks stocky on the ice, less than his five-feet-eleven, because he has a thick chest and heavy thighs, and he weighs a solid 186 pounds. Unlike most defensemen Harvey spends a good deal of his time in his own half of the rink and rarely winds up for an end-to-end rush, the sort of thing that lifts a crowd. Instead of dashing off in all directions to the roars of the mob, he feeds the puck ahead to forwards in full stride with deftly timed passes, and then he appears to be one of the arena's less interested spectators standing solemnly or coasting casually toward the other team's area while the accomplished Canadian forwards buzz the enemy net. It has taken years for most fans to recognize that it's Harvey who carries the puck out of danger in his own zone, that it's Harvey who frequently sends the Richards and the Beliveaus and the Geoffrions skimming their lethal shots at the hapless net minder, and that it's Harvey who is an uncoiling spring at the opposition's blue-line when the foe appears to have made a breakaway from a pack of trapped Canadiens. He whirls into action, forcing the breaking player into the boards if he can overtake him, or getting himself between his own net and the opposing player if he can't, thus forcing the player wider and wider until there's no angle left for the man's cut toward the Habitant goal.

"I have to save something"

"I don't think the point is whether or not you're loafing, but whether you know when to loaf," says Harvey. He prefers the word pacing to loafing, and readily admits he paces himself.

"I spend quite a bit of time on the ice," he says pointedly. "I'm on for our power plays and I'm on when we're a man short. I take my regular turn. This is no complaint; I wouldn't want it any other way. But I feel I have to save a little something now and then for what might happen in the late stages of a game."

It's his nature to be unruffled in this manner. Once on a Pullman returning from New York he was upbraided by a veteran Montreal columnist for what the writer felt was a poor performance. Harvey said nothing, merely stared in his round-eyed impassive way. Possibly emboldened by Harvey's silence, the columnist continued in his critical vein and then asked him why he never complained about the barbs the writer had occasionally aimed at him in print.

"One thing about your job, you have to watch me play hockey," said Harvey, rising and strolling to the door of the smoking room. "I never read your column."

Another time he was asked if he ever had salary disputes with Frank Selke, the Canadiens' managing director. "Not very often," replied Harvey blandly. "Just once a year." The inference was that he names his figure and then sits adamantly until he gets it. He earns close to \$15,000 a year and has averaged another

\$3,500 in playoff and all-star bonuses over the last half-dozen seasons.

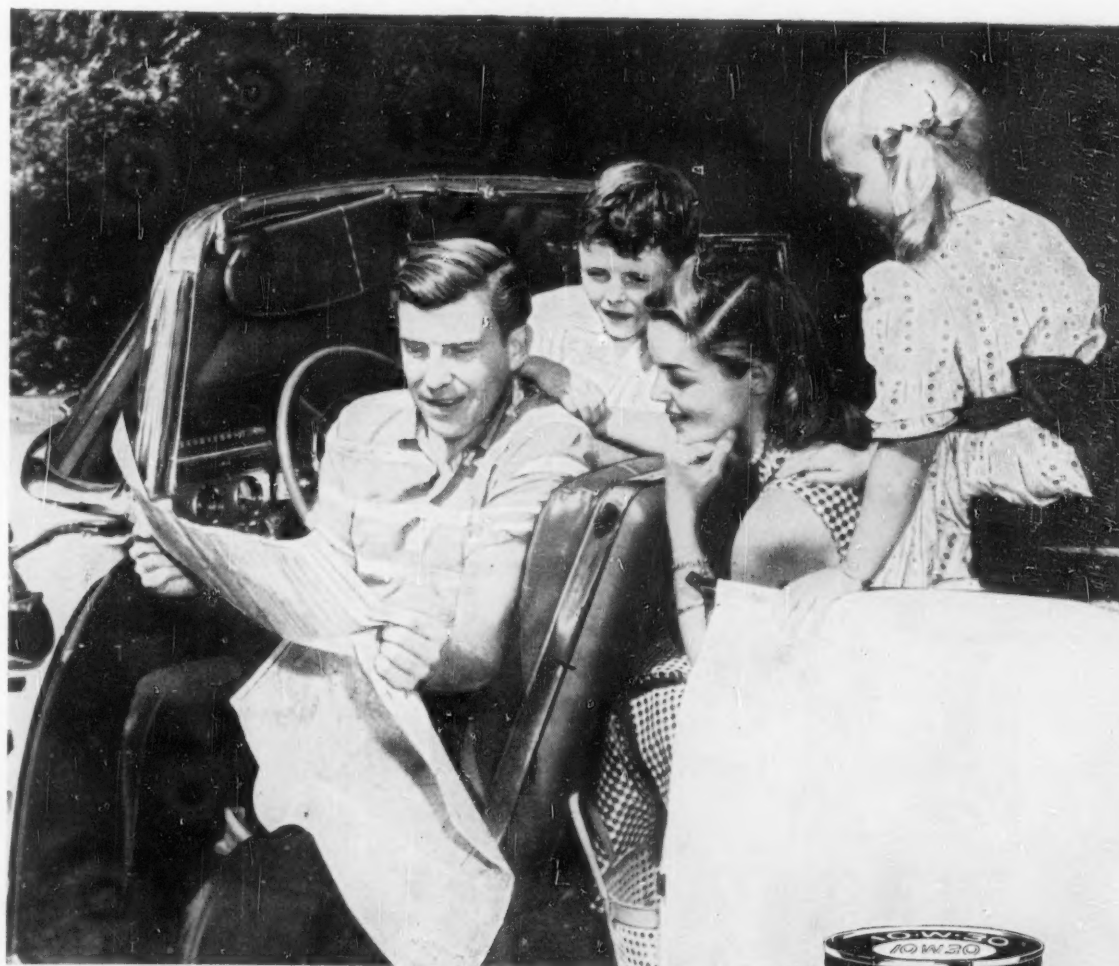
Harvey's self-assurance extends to almost everything he undertakes. Four years ago he decided to build a six-room house in the Notre Dame de Grâce sub-

urb of Montreal, not far from where he and his two brothers, Alf and Howie, were born and grew up. He built it himself, with the help of Alf and Howie, neither of whom had ever wielded a trowel before. A builder showed them

how to install the wiring. Right now Harvey's converting the dining room into a fourth bedroom because of the arrival last summer of a fourth child, Diane, a sister for eight-year-old Doug, five-year-old Darlene and two-year-old Nancy. He was married ten years ago to a childhood schoolmate, Ursula Hardie.

He illustrated his innate confidence again while attending a boxing show in the Halifax naval barracks during the war when he was a gunner on merchant ships on the North Atlantic. The heavyweight champion of HMCS Cornwallis,

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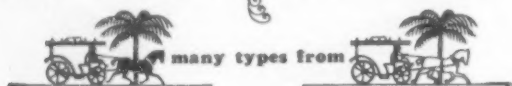
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the Atlantic naval station, challenged anyone attending the show to a bout. Harvey, who had never boxed, climbed into the ring "to see what it would be like," he says now. He knocked out the barracks champ in the first round.

In 1946 he went to Ottawa to play professional baseball with the Ottawa Nationals of the Class C Border League. Gripping the bat with his hands some six inches apart, he hit .342. The next season he reasoned that he'd get more power if he placed his hands together in an orthodox grip, and hit .351 to lead the league in batting. He was offered a contract by the Boston (now Milwaukee) Braves to report for training at Bradenton, Fla., but rejected it because he figured hockey was his best game, and the seasons overlapped.

In 1945 he played football for the Montreal Hornets in the Big Four, a year before the Alouettes were formed. Joe Krol, who played against him for the Toronto Argonauts, recalls: "He'd have been a great player if he'd stayed with it."

He didn't stay with it because hockey appeared to be the game with the most lucrative future, and he went about it in his typical single-minded way. He played for two seasons with the Montreal Royals of the old Quebec senior hockey league.

"When I coached him with the Royals," says Frank Carlin, "he'd play sixty minutes if I'd let him, and often he would be out there for fifty. Then the next day he'd be the first guy on the ice at a practice and the last to leave."

Harvey's first year with the Canadiens was the 1947-48 season when he was farmed to Buffalo in the American Hockey League for twenty-four games, and then played thirty-five games with the parent NHL club.

One night he was sitting in the smoking room of the Canadien sleeping car with teammate Billy Reay, now coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs. He was downcast because he was the fifth, or "extra" defenseman and didn't feel he was playing enough.

"You've got all the equipment to be an all-star," the soft-spoken Reay soothed him, "but this league isn't the Quebec league. You've got to go-go the minute you hit the ice. You aren't playing fifty minutes around here; you're lucky if you're on for twenty-five. You've got to make them count. You can't coast."

The fans seemed to share Reay's reasoning, but they lacked his sympathy. Boos continued to come down like storm windows in the spring.

"I used to wonder when I'd take the puck near our net and look for a man breaking for a pass if maybe the fans and the newspapermen were right and I was wrong," Harvey recalls. "I was tempted to change my style and become the great rusher. That's the best way to make an all-star team and make the fans love you. Just keep rushing up the ice. In Montreal they remember Kenny Reardon for that. He was a terrific competitor and had a lot of spirit. They loved his slam-bang style of rushing and he looked great. But I just don't play that type of game. When we're a goal up my first thought is to protect the lead. I never changed my style."

The thing that changed, of course, was the attitude of his critics, and the change came early in 1952, possibly by coincidence, when a Detroit hockey writer named Marshall Dann polled NHL coaches after forty games of the seventy-game schedule for their all-star selections. You could have knocked over the boys in the jury box with a split infinitive when the coaches said that along

with Red Kelly of Detroit the defenseman with whom they would most prefer to be marooned was Douglas Norman Harvey, the ugly duckling from the Forum.

A couple of months later it became official. The annual sports writers' poll placed him on the all-star line-up. Harvey took the news typically—"I just want to say that I made the team without any help or encouragement from Montreal newspapermen."

His selection by the coaches as one of the league's two best defensemen seemed to set off a chain reaction. Fans and other critics have been applauding his work ever since. He's been chosen on the all-star team for the last six seasons. Three years ago he won the James Norris Memorial Trophy as "the regular defense player who demonstrates throughout the season the greatest all-round ability." The trophy has been up for competition for four years; Harvey has won it the last three years. Detroit's Kelly was the first winner.

Harvey earned the admiration of his teammates long before he gained it on the ballots of radio and newspaper reporters naming the all-stars. Tall and lean Bert Olmstead, who joined the Canadiens from Chicago halfway through Harvey's fourth season, recalls his amazement one night as he watched the defenseman try to get his hockey boot over an instep blackened and swollen almost twice its normal size. Olmstead says he'd never seen a worse-looking bruise.

"You're not going to play on that," he said to Harvey.

"I am if I get this skate on," the defenseman replied. "The X-rays show there's no break."

"Wasted motion hurts"

Olmstead relates that Harvey played that game, and another, and then reluctantly told the team's physiotherapist Bill Head that his foot didn't seem to be getting any better.

"So more X-rays were taken," says Olmstead, "and this time they showed a crack in the big toe. Have you ever tried to walk with a broken toe?"

Harvey has played with painfully sprained ligaments in the knees and ankles, and once went a week with a broken hand before reporting to Bill Head's infirmary in the Forum.

"He's the easiest man to handle with an injury I've ever seen," says the physiotherapist. "Most people have a low threshold of pain. Doug has a very high one, plus a will and desire to play despite pain that is the most unusual I've seen in fourteen years with this team."

Harvey seems to go about everything he does in hockey with this stolid purposefulness. "Wasted motion will hurt a team as much as it will hurt a player," he says. "Hockey, in spite of what you hear these days, is a scientific game. Teams that have no system lose. Teams with a negative system lose. Like Toronto until this season; their defensemen were always rushing and their forwards were always backchecking, exactly the reverse of what their very names dictate they should be doing."

"With the Canadiens I've found that the nights we're playing badly are the nights the defensemen are rushing all the time. Their job is to defend and to feed the puck to the forwards—head-manning it, we call it. Toronto even had a rule that a defenseman couldn't pass the puck in his own end. Why in the world should a man carry the puck when the rules permit him to pass it half the length of the ice?"

"The Canadiens win because we have a positive system — move the puck around, play your position. As soon as a guy comes to check me I know that he had to leave his position to do it. That means that we've got a man loose in his area. I immediately feed our man there the puck. He's got to be there because that's our system, and this is a team game—it's not a game for individuals."

"Defensively? It's the same thing. Suppose we're playing Chicago, and Ted Lindsay and Eddie Litzenberger get a break. Let's say Rocket Richard is on his wing chasing Lindsay. Well, I know Rock will take Lindsay so I naturally take Litzenberger, and don't bother with Lindsay at all. Now we'll look pretty silly, won't we, if Rock suddenly switches to Litzenberger and tries to take the puck from him with me also covering him? That'd leave Lindsay wide open to take a pass. Richard gets a lot of knocks about never backchecking but in my eleven years playing on his side of the rink I've never seen him cross up a defenseman by switching. That's what I mean by system. If every man does his job the way common sense says he should do it, then you're playing the game properly."

It was not unexpected when Harvey, with so businesslike an attitude to his business, became one of the originators of the National Hockey League Players' Association, of which he is now vice-president. Until the association was formed a year ago Harvey and Lindsay were the players' representatives on the NHL pension-fund board. Representing the league were Ian Johnston QC, a director of the Toronto Maple Leafs, Gen. John Kilpatrick, president of the New York Rangers, and Clarence Campbell, president of the NHL.

"They had two lawyers, Campbell and Johnston, and they could always outstickhandle Lindsay and me with their legal chitchat," says Harvey. "We figured we could do better by the pension plan if we had an association and our own legal advisers, so we started banding together. To tell the truth, I always figured I could take the association or leave it alone, whatever the players wanted, until the owners began raising all kinds of obstacles to oppose us. The way I look at it now, if they're so all-fired intent on blocking us, we must really need an association."

Harvey's employer, Frank Selke, has had less than a benign eye for the association, and Harvey, accordingly, has felt reluctant to call post-practice meetings in the Forum dressing room, the most convenient place for the players to assemble. Not long ago in a game between Chicago and the Canadiens, Harvey and Lindsay and Jim Thomson, former Toronto representative who now plays for the Hawks, became involved in a heated imbroglio along the boards. When referee Red Storey shouted "Break it up! Break it up!" and began pulling the players apart, Harvey stepped back from the melee and suddenly grinned at the referee.

"Hey, Red," he said, "can't we even have a meeting here?"

Harvey, who turned thirty-three last Dec. 19, hopes to be a coach when his playing days end, but the imperturbable manner in which he plays and the way he has learned to pace himself suggest that this might be at least another five years. During that period he'll probably be named on five more all-star teams, win a trophy or two, and earn something approaching \$100,000.

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For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"If women controlled babies' sex, males would get short shrift"

female sex seems by contrast to know instinctively or intuitively what is good for themselves and the human race as a whole and to behave in a decently moral fashion without the restraints and coercions enforced by courts and police. Among themselves women seem to agree how things should be and woe to the woman who fails to toe the line in her own little community—some back-fence gossip or a few telephone calls to the gang will soon smarten her up.

What can be done about this masculine plight? It exists of course. Women are more aware of it and every mother, wife and sister knows the males of the family are completely dependent upon the female sex in some form for comfort, encouragement and puffing up of self-esteem, and that much valuable time must be given to soothing bruised flesh and feelings and listening to masculine boasts. Man without a woman is a lost creature and even the great he-men strutting across the world's stage are mainly over-compensating for having to stand too much alone on their own two feet.

The obvious solution, I suppose, for the future rather than the present, is either to slip tranquilizers into the milk, beer or coffee that males drink during the several stages of their existence, or else not to breed so many of them. Both remedies are feasible, in theory at least. Tranquilizers are already being mass-produced and are almost as easy to get as aspirin, so that there is no serious difficulty in handling the mechanics of the treatment. The trouble would be that the perpetually tranquilized males would still be lying around the house and need to be fed just as often, just like over-large babies, and the improvement would be merely the elimination of the need to console them—and while they may still be bored, they wouldn't be bright enough to know it or, anyway, care to do anything drastic for the sake of excitement. It would be a depressing situation, both in prospect for the males and in practice for the females. The other solution would be kinder—to keep the number of male human beings down to a manageable and useful size. Short of drowning excess males at birth as has been done with kittens and baby girls here and there in the past—for the idea is not new in principle but only in application—this solution depends upon our succeeding in determining or controlling the sex of infants before birth. At present we do not know how to do this but biologists certainly understand as much concerning what causes sex to be male or female as physicists knew about radioactive atoms a few years before they applied their knowledge to the making of the first atom bomb. And, believe me, the control of sex would be power that would put the nuclear bombs in the shade. Who would control it? You don't need to be told! Who makes babies, anyway?

Just how fantastic is this? Not at all! Insects have been doing it since time immemorial although more for economic reasons and population strategy than to solve difficulties concerning male delinquency and non-contribution. The common sawfly, for instance, at present threatening the existence of spruce and pine throughout eastern North America, has faced the issue squarely and nipped the male in the bud, so to speak. Every sawfly is a virgin female bearing fertile

eggs. Everything the grubs of the sawfly eat is in the end turned into females, which produce eggs that spontaneously develop into more females and so on down the line, with no wasted food or effort assigned to the production of males. This is an extreme case, of course, and is a biological innovation most unlikely to afflict humanity, but other insects such as bees and ants really practice sex control in such a way that the ratio of males to females varies according to the needs of the insect society. And what they can do we can do if we just put our inventive minds to work.

Sooner or later I am afraid someone will come up with a simple chemical means of deciding whether a child is to be male or female, the decision neces-



Who is it?

She left private business for public life and became the first of her sex to serve on Canada's highest council. Turn to page 63 to find out who this girl grew up to be.

sarily being made at or before the time of conception. Then what?

If women should ever get together and decide on a policy as a group, the males, I fear, would get short shrift, that is if feminine heads ruled feminine hearts. If they would they could see to it that ninety-odd percent of human production was female, with just enough males produced each generation for artificial breeding purposes, general ornamentation, a reasonable supply of plumbers and a perpetual object lesson.

Naturally it wouldn't happen this way because under such circumstances most of the women as individuals would be traitors to their cause and would be sure to cheat. Yet this capacity to choose the sex of our offspring may well be just around the corner and women will be much more in control of it than men and, for better or for worse, choices will be made.

To begin with, of course, the pendulum would swing the wrong way. Given the choice, both parents want first of all a son, the mother because being a woman she likes the opposite sex and the father because he is mainly interested in seeing himself grow up again. So sex control at first leads to a human society horribly overweighted on the male side and the natural and inevitable reaction is then to try to restore the natural balance.

But it's like rocking a boat, when you tip one way you immediately tip the other, and there you are, a predominantly

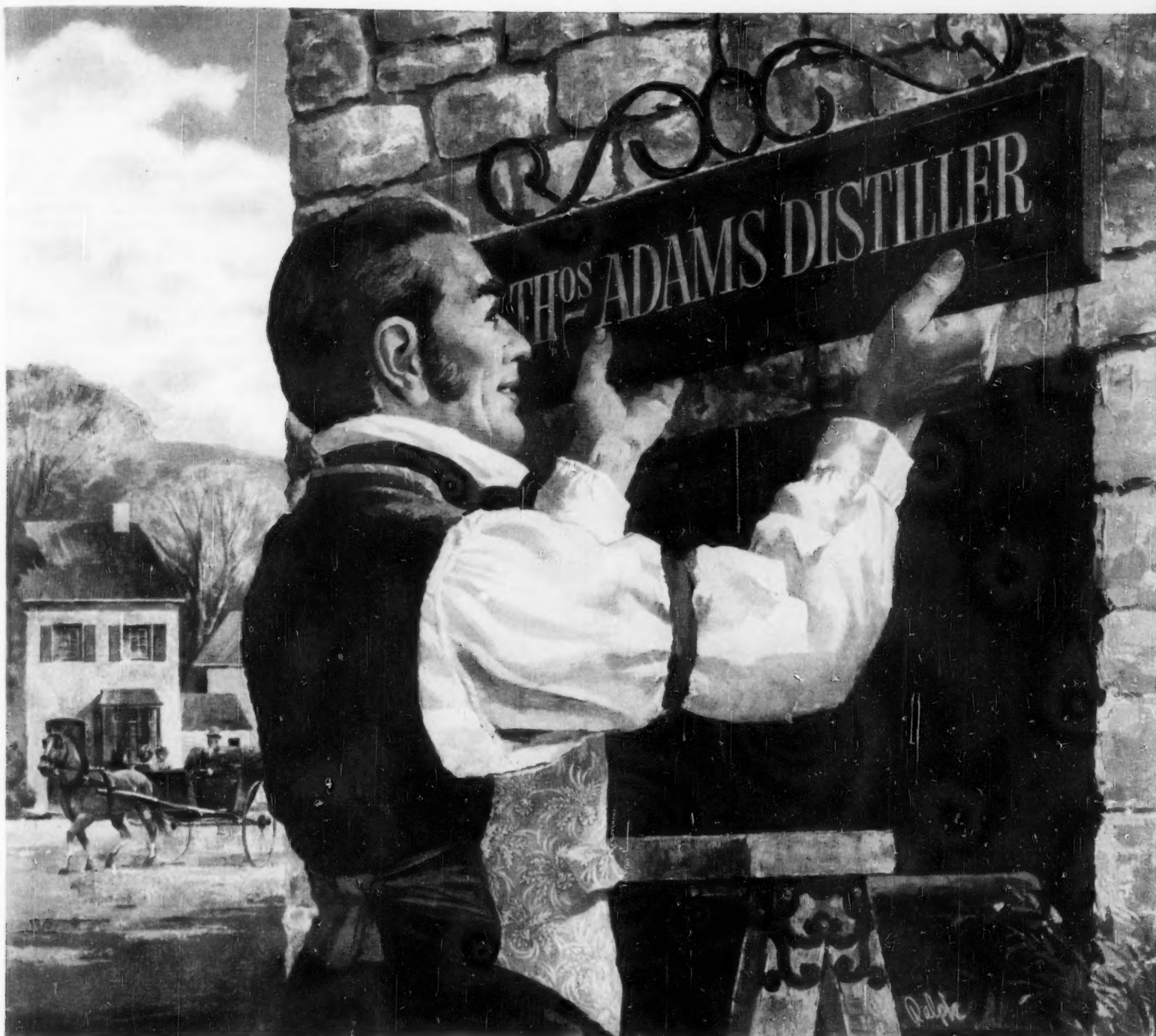
female world with males definitely in the minority. Probably there would be a long period of see-sawing from one overbalanced condition to the other, but eventually a new equilibrium would be discovered where women would find enough masculine society without being swamped by overbearing male conceits and overcompensated inferiority complexes.

It is noteworthy that throughout the animal kingdom, taking it as a whole, males are generally smaller, weaker and fewer than the females. Only among the big hairy mammals do males tend to be big bullies, and that mainly because they are unwilling to share and share alike. In all too many instances for masculine self-esteem the male has become a dwarf parasite with little or no mind or volition of his own.

From a strictly biological standpoint only a small percentage of a population need be male and it could turn out that women would discover that a society with relatively far fewer males might suit their instinctive purposes far better than the present arrangement, the males to be kept firmly under control. Such a society would be quieter, safer, altogether different in many ways, since family life for example would necessarily be of a somewhat different pattern. Or it could be so dull that the only result of the power of sex control in the human race would be a perpetual instability, unless sexual regimentation was imposed by the state with a ruthlessness far exceeding that of the politburo. Yet whether or not such control is thrust into our more or less unwilling hands, the idea of it suggests some alternative means of settling affairs as they now are.

Look at the Hopi Indians. Their sex ratio naturally is roughly one man to each woman, as everywhere else. But except insofar as missionaries and governmental agents have interfered with their original way of life they appear to have solved the problem of the personalities of the sexes. Unfortunately they are a small community destined for oblivion in the southwestern U.S. desert. They have about the same chance of survival in the modern world as the last remaining colony of whooping cranes. Governmental and proselytizing interference combined with the distracting pressures of the world around them will sooner or later entirely destroy their isolation, and that will be the end. We should take notice of them while we can.

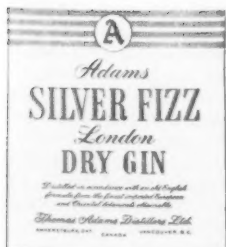
In Hopi society the women are where they belong and the men and boys are well-adjusted amiable individuals. The whole pattern is a definite alternative to our own and is one that does not produce either delinquent adults or adult adolescents, whichever you care to call them. The Hopi tribe is divided into clans, which are essentially large family groups, but each clan has as its heart a number of related females consisting of an elderly active woman who is the real head, her sisters, and all their female descendants. They own absolutely the house, all stores of food and furnishings, and the children; they grow foodstuffs, raise the children, and are the craftsmen. Such is the female status whether a woman gets a husband or not. Every woman symbolizes motherhood and as a sex controls the staff of life. And every male in the community is brought up under the joint jurisdiction of aunts, mother and older



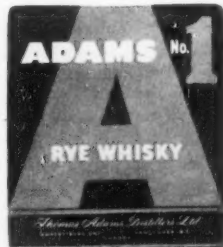
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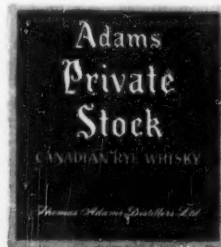
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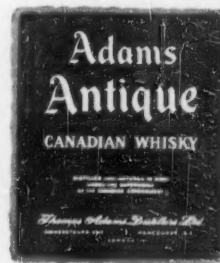
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sisters who see to it that he is as thoroughly domesticated as any household pet. At the same time the masculine personality is catered to somewhat as a mother yields to the demands of a child, in little things, while keeping command over the more important decisions. So the ceremonial head of the clan, as distinct from the real head, is the brother of the ruling female, and he works not with the clan itself but with other males as members of a secret religious society, drawn from the community as a whole, which practices complicated rituals about as harmless and ego-satisfying as those of the Masonic orders. Otherwise the men hunt a little, farm a little, play at being important, and only show their masculine mettle when the Hopi state is under attack, an event that happens only at the instigation of the males of some other tribe.

Obviously, mankind in general, with the male more or less firmly in the saddle and driving the old mare almost every which way at once, is not going to adopt a system that puts him running alongside on foot. Yet we might be much better off if we did, with a more peaceful world and less frustrated individual lives. All that is needed, and this is a lot, I admit, is for all nations to adopt the same reform simultaneously, so as to give no advantage to any particular one.

The necessary change is simple enough. Women now have the right to vote, at long last. Let them retain it and at the same time assume the sole right to become members of parliament or congress

or whatever and to assume the reins of office. Men should be deprived of the vote and be ineligible for election to any political status. They retain influence, certainly, just as the Hopi men do within the clan and much as Victorian women did during the last century. By blarney and by being helpful, amenable and companionable they could probably get anything they might want, except the means, money and sanction for making atom bombs, war in general or overpowered machines. All they really need are adequate incentives to become reasonable human beings, a maternal and sisterly form of government, which would take care of the essential running of a large family-like society, and a personal allowance, which would enable them to undertake creative activities, collectively such as the present International Geophysical Year, which is a superb example of the male sex at play, or individually to become painters, poets, actors, or even scientists so long as it is all a game.

Let the women run the world and let men and boys enjoy life without anger, bombast or serious responsibility. We'd all be much better off. Perhaps when sex control finally arrives and women gain command of it this sort of system may be presented to the men as an ultimatum: either abdicate and behave yourselves or we'll drop all the male-producing pills down the drain and outnumber you ten to one—either behave less like an ape or be smothered in females.

"Men are such pets" may be the future indicative. ★



Canadian theatre's fiery godmother

Continued from page 19

"In the theatre," Dora Mavor Moore chided, "one only misses a performance for one's own funeral"

incorporated as an educational, non-profit, non-share corporation with Mrs. Moore as its managing director and director of education. There is also a benevolent unpaid board of directors. The NPS is exempt from entertainment tax and exists on the proceeds of the drama school; the profits from Spring Thaw, its only sure-fire box-office presentation; the bounty of the Zonta Club, which has adopted NPS as a project and a sprinkling of donations from well-wishers.

In dismissing the business-tax case the Toronto magistrate remarked, "I don't think this woman's in it for profit."

Mrs. Moore is so personally careless of the profit motive that at least twice after voting her a salary, her board of directors has discovered she was not bothering to collect it. The \$85 a month she is accepting at the moment is for a work week that often stretches to eighty hours and includes taking at least six of the NPS drama classes. She has more than once used her own meagre funds, in a crisis, to pay off NPS debts.

She expects every other worker in the theatre to be just like her. When a young Englishwoman with credentials from the costume department of Covent Garden applied for a job with NPS, Mrs. Moore turned her down. The girl said she was exclusively a costume designer. Mrs. Moore said, "Around here the managing director even scrubs floors if necessary." Mrs. Moore's official title is managing director of the NPS.

Charles Tisdall, an advertising executive and spare-time musician, recalls Mrs. Moore's hurt incredulity when he rejected her suggestion that he push Spring Thaw tunes in the lobby during the show's intermissions. Tisdall, who now heads the unpaid NPS board of directors, was already donating his services as accompanist for the show.

Along with versatility and generosity, Mrs. Moore exacts a strict standard of theatrical conduct from her colleagues. When two members of Spring Thaw's cast last year requested time off to attend relatives' funerals, Mrs. Moore said crisply, "In the theatre one only misses a performance for one's own funeral." Mrs. Moore herself once conducted a four-hour rehearsal after a bad fall and didn't notice, until she got home and felt faint, that she'd been working with several cracked ribs.

Her voice is the kind that novelists used to call "thrilling," with the rich chest tones and crisply flicked "r's" of the trained elocutionist. She can use it to withering effect.

Before one performance a few years ago she discovered a bottle of whisky in the actors' dressing rooms. "To whom," she demanded coldly, "does this belong?" The actors, to a man, studied the floor. She looked them over slowly. "Very well . . ." she purred, and poured the whisky into the sink.

She does not abide tomfoolery during any show. One year actor Ted Follows

had to turn down the part of *The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg* in a parody pantomime the NPS was staging. During the second week of the run Follows paid a visit backstage and was coaxed, as a lark, into entering the goose-shape and going on. Only his shins and feet projected below the elaborate *papier-mâché* shell but Mrs. Moore, sitting in the audience, was not fooled. Awful in her wrath, she swept backstage crying, "Who's in the goose?"

The query is still quoted in Toronto theatrical circles as a classic.

Mrs. Moore has an equally overwhelming effect on non-professionals. One Toronto journalist had occasion to drop by the NPS offices on the afternoon of the premiere of *Turvey*, an army comedy adapted from Earl Birney's book. "Before I knew what had happened," she recalls dazedly, "I found myself driving all over Toronto, to the homes of perfect strangers, picking up army trench coats Mrs. Moore was borrowing to use in the show."

After several decades of shoestring theatrical operation, Mrs. Moore is at least the equal of an army man at liberating materiel she covets for her shows, and considerably better than a stage magician at getting free assistance from the bystanders. Some inkling of how she does it was given recently by Bob Johnson, an NPS ex-business manager.

Mrs. Moore asked Johnson to move into her house in northwest Toronto as caretaker one summer while she was away. The day before she was due back Johnson hired three friends to come and cut the grass. In the midst of the clean-up Mrs. Moore arrived back unexpectedly. Pausing only to unskewer her traveling hat, she joined the party as overseer.

As Johnson tells it, "One of the boys was taking his turn cutting the grass. She sent the other two next door to borrow an extra lawn mower. Then she turned to me and said, 'You're not doing anything. You can pull weeds.' A tree on the property had blown down in a storm: when we finished the lawn and the weeds she had us all chopping firewood."

"And," Johnson adds with unselfish admiration, "I was paying for it."

Mrs. Moore, who has occasionally been accused of demanding a little more unselfishness than her co-workers can strictly afford, makes a distinction between the professional theatre and the commercial theatre. In the commercial theatre, people bother about money. "I've never bothered about money," says Mrs. Moore.

It is on this score that she periodically clashes with her second son — and probably her best-known production — James Mavor Moore. Moore, the only one of the three boys who has gone into the theatre, is a bald owlish man of thirty-nine with a remarkable record of versatility in the arts. Playwright, composer, actor, director, painter and poet, he has been associated with the New Play Society on and off since its beginning.

He has produced all but one Spring Thaw and acted in a number of its most memorable plays. The NPS, in turn, has backed a number of his theatrical essays, including handsome productions of *Sunshine Tour*, a musical comedy adapted from Stephen Leacock, and *The Optimist*, a musical comedy adapted from Voltaire's *Candide*. Both were financially disastrous, but Moore continues to believe that commercial theatre is more professional than shoestring theatre. Mrs. Moore believes no such thing.

They are, therefore, prey to moments of great professional exasperation with

each other, including one occasion over a year ago, when they booked rehearsals at the same hour on the stage the NPS was then renting. Mrs. Moore arrived first to rehearse some of her pupils in their closing class exercises but her son claimed priority because he was rehearsing *The Optimist*, a commercial production. They waged a memorable battle at one remove, offering icy arguments to the front-office manager for relay to each other and alternate commands to the house electrician to douse or raise the stage lights.

Mrs. Moore is inflexible in her view that the theatre is more than mere commercial entertainment. In fact, she tends to regard it as a kind of welfare work, therapeutic to audience and cast alike. "People cannot live without some form of expression," she quotes British playwright Harley Granville-Barker. Consequently she has branched out extensively into the fields of adult education, mental health and social service. As part of its program the NPS has arranged lecture series on the theatre, produced dramas illustrating mental-health problems for

presentation at cost to the public and professional groups, and is now exploring a scheme for taking free plays around to Toronto playgrounds this summer.

"I was brought up to be socially conscious," she explains.

She was one of three children — and the only daughter — of Professor and Mrs. James Mavor. Mavor, a Highland Scot and a cousin to Scottish playwright James Bridie, was professor of political economics at the University of Toronto and a confirmed socialist. Dora, a pretty brown-eyed girl with a slim boyish fig-



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ure and a low lovely voice, grew up in an atmosphere of books, brilliant conversation and interesting unorthodox visitors, ranging from Prince Kropotkin to eighteen Doukhobors who dropped in one Sunday at dinnertime on their way to Ottawa.

She went to public school in Toronto and finishing school in Belgium, but flunked out of an arts course at the University of Toronto because she'd begun to devote most of her time to dramatics. She transferred to The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression in Toronto and won a scholarship to London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—the first Canadian student to be enrolled.

Over assorted parental bribes and entreaties she proceeded from RADA first to a stock company in Ottawa and then to New York to try her luck. After one or two minor roles she joined the company of Sir Philip Ben Greet.

Greet, an Englishman, was renowned for his then-daring pared-down productions of the classics, with which he toured the North American hinterland on the Chautauqua and Lyceum circuits. Young Miss Mavor got her first big break when the leading lady fell ill and she was sent on in the role of Kate Hardcastle in *School for Scandal*.

She almost froze onstage the first night when Greet whispered a deliberate aside to her, apparently as a test of her mettle. "You're too tall for this role," he said. But she recovered and after the performance pitched her powder box full in his face, at which he nodded approvingly and said, "I think you'll make an actress."

She toured with Greet's company until the outbreak of World War I, then returned to Canada and married Francis Moore, a young clergyman. When he went overseas as a padre she followed him to England and in London re-encountered Greet, who had returned to become director of the Old Vic. Another leading lady fell ill and Greet summoned her to take the part of Viola in *Twelfth Night*. Mrs. Moore thus became one of the few Canadians ever to star at the Old Vic.

After the war the Moores returned to Toronto and, since she had no outlet there as a professional actress, Mrs. Moore turned to direction and drama coaching. She and her husband separated in 1928 and Mrs. Moore, with three

small sons to rear, plunged into an even heavier teaching schedule.

She lectured on dramatic expression at The Margaret Eaton School, Forest Hill Village School and in the University Extension Department. She directed the Hart House Touring Players, counselled in dramatics at girls' camps in the summer, adjudicated drama festivals, staged plays, pageants and assorted entertainments for every conceivable kind of group, and taught speech and etiquette at the YWCA. "So long as they are clean and tidy and pleasant, clothes don't matter much," she told her classes.

By 1938 she had decided she liked working with teen-agers best of all and when a group of high-school graduates asked her to help them form a drama group she forthwith launched the Village Players, forerunner of the New Play Society. She had bought a charming hundred-and-forty-year-old log house in northwest Toronto and she converted a barn on the property into a playhouse.

It is possible to suspect that this was the kind of theatre Mrs. Moore liked best of all. No one got paid: everyone worked very hard both backstage and onstage; there were no unions to deal with; costumes, scenery and props were improvised but accurate; the company went around to schools with productions of the Shakespearean plays on the curriculum, so the community-service part was all right. And best of all, the players included some genuinely talented youngsters, including Mavor Moore, Barbara Kelly (Mrs. Bernard Braden) and, eventually, Don Harron.

In fact, the whole venture was so successful that in 1946 Mrs. Moore felt emboldened to form the New Play Society, on a non-profit basis. The drama school has since been added. The idea was to present genuinely artistic professional productions to the public and plow the proceeds into more productions.

In a series of highly successful seasons the NPS presented plays ranging from *Oedipus the King* to *Charley's Aunt* and talent ranging from Lloyd Bochner to the Four Lads. In some highly unsuccessful seasons, it has since gone into — and climbed out of — holes as deep as thirty-five thousand dollars.

The NPS even invented a tradition. In 1948 Mavor, as producer, planned to present an adaptation by writer Hugh Kemp of Hugh MacLennan's *Two Soli-*

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tudes. Two weeks before opening night it became obvious that Kemp was going to miss his deadline. Mavor decided that only a variety show could be assembled fast enough to fill in. He strip-mined the local scene for skit material and put together a fast, funny, topical revue spoofing Toronto and Torontonians. Called Spring Thaw, the show was such a hit that a second edition was presented in 1949. Further editions have raised equinoctial gales of laughter each year since then. They have also been the means of paying off some staggering deficits incurred by other NPS productions.

All in all, Mrs. Moore herself was something of a tradition by 1952, trudging along Bloor Street toward the NPS offices, Queen Mary toque planted on head, galoshes flapping open, string shopping bag in hand; in the lobby during intermissions in her plum velvet and beads; in rehearsal hall in a white Russian smock embroidered in red. Even Tom Patterson, who didn't know much about the theatre at the time, knew about Mrs. Moore.

He called and asked her whom he should see about getting a Shakespearean Festival going in Stratford, his home town.

Patterson called Tyrone Guthrie in Ireland on Mrs. Moore's telephone (and forgot to pay her the charges), and put Guthrie up at Mrs. Moore's home when Guthrie first arrived in Canada. The NPS offices were borrowed for the first Festival auditions and the NPS workrooms were borrowed for the Festival costume department. Mrs. Moore's personal list of theatrical angels also proved useful.

But the Festival is not the only reverberation from Mrs. Moore's lifetime of theatrical work. Pupils such as Josephine Barrington are now themselves teachers of the drama. Other pupils, outside the professional theatre, have started amateur theatrical groups as far afield as Halifax and Regina. Still other pupils, such as Harron and the Bradens, are international headliners.

And Mrs. Moore is still going strong. In 1956, for instance, she got busy and started a fan club among her teen-aged drama students for Bob Goulet, the handsome baritone who was then starring in *The Optimist* and about to star in *Spring Thaw*. This year she's already got the NPS moved into new quarters, with a gymnasium where plays can be staged, and proper dressing rooms. At the moment there's a faculty of three and an enrollment of one hundred and forty pupils who come in the evenings and on week-ends to classes in fencing, mime, voice and other theatre arts.

But with the new facilities, plans are under way for adding to the faculty, increasing the enrollment, starting classes for mothers, to be run by deportment and grooming experts, while their children go to other classes, to be run by progressive-education experts. Then there are the plans for the free playground dramas, and a dream of the drama school's becoming a daytime school with a full curriculum just like the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

And there's an even dearer dream: to go back to professional productions using the advanced students of the school. "We would do experimental productions, not the commercial sort of thing," says Mrs. Moore enthusiastically.

She is working to realize the dream by early summer, and already she has all the details worked out.

"The students would work for nothing," she muses happily. "We wouldn't have to bother with unions. It wouldn't cost very much at all." ★

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Mailbag

Continued from page 4

✓ Women in politics

✓ Newcomers make good

Re Kate Aitken's article, Women Are Misfits in Politics (Jan. 4). In general women have done very little with the vote which was won at such great cost. In particular, however, I am amazed to note no mention of Nancy Hodges — for years a member of the B.C. legislature; an able debater — so much so that she was greatly missed when she was elevated to the speakership of the legislature; the first (and I believe only) woman speaker in the Commonwealth. She is now Senator Nancy Hodges. — DOROTHY SPURR, VICTORIA, B.C.

Close fit for Caplan's friends

Your Dec. 21 story on Dave Caplan, the jazz-happy tailor, made mighty interesting reading. Thanks for mentioning W. R. Johnston & Co. as one of the two Toronto suppliers of Dave's clothing classics. But you described the garments we tailor for him as "ready-mades." Not so. We hand-cut and tailor all Dave's orders to give his customers true custom fit. Same applies to all the tailored-to-measure orders we receive from our other five hundred dealers, located coast to coast. — K. MCKENZIE, SALES MANAGER, W. R. JOHNSTON & CO. LTD., TORONTO.

How about immigrants who succeed?

Congratulations on Sidney Katz' article (Jan. 4): How Mental Illness is Attacking Our Immigrants. But—why do you have to make all the headings concerning immigrants in the negative style. Why not write about the success some of our immigrants achieve; how well they adjust (sometimes); and how hard they work to fit into our educational system. — DENISE LEFEBVRE, MONTREAL.

Move over on the ramparts

I especially appreciate and admire the Jan. 4 cover, by artist John Little. I am right with him on those Quebec ramparts, having spent a summer holiday in Quebec City, when we crossed on the Quebec-to-Levis ferry and back for the ride. — MRS. ELIZABETH FROGGETT, BRANTFORD, ONT.

Some people would call it a boo-bou

I am surprised that a magazine like Maclean's, which prides itself—with considerable justification — on knowing its Canada, should have allowed an article to get through (The Second Most Powerful Tory, Jan. 4) in which the historic district of Caribou, B.C., is referred to as Caribou. — D. M. LEBOURDAIS, TORONTO.

Olive's alma mater

Let Hamilton and its Ti-Cats win the Grey Cup from the west but that city has no claim to Olive Evangeline Freeman as student or BA graduate (Olive Diefenbaker's Not-So-Private Life, Dec. 21)! Majoring in English and history, the future wife of the PM lived with her family for two years in Brandon and graduated from Brandon College. The erroneous inference was obviously drawn from the fact that McMaster University was the degree-conferring institution for its western affiliate, Brandon College, between the dates 1900 and 1938. — KAYE ROWE, BRANDON, MAN. ★

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I went around the world in 80 days . . . the hard way continued from page 25

"We've got a submarine leaving for Singapore," cracked the officer. "Swell," I said eagerly.

he were in my place—and it suddenly dawned on me that he probably wouldn't have to pray for a lift: his clerical garb beside the highway would halt any car.

I tore a two-inch-wide strip of white cardboard from my useless sign and pinned it around my throat, above the black sweater that I hoped would look like a clergyman's dark vest. The next car stopped for me. The driver laughed when I explained my disguise, and gave me the longest hitch of my trip across Canada.

I crossed the Rockies in low gear, grinding endlessly upward in a huge trailer truck driven by Sam Huston, a north-of-Ireland man. I rode into Penticton with Gord Pratt, an RCAF youngster on his way home to get married. Four more lifts took me into Vancouver just nine days after I left Toronto. I still had forty dollars, which meant I had crossed Canada on seven dollars for food, cigarettes and incidentals. I was limiting myself to one big meal a day, and wasn't suffering, though outdoor living and sleeping did sharpen the appetite.

Vancouver was a ten-day nightmare of frustration, after a good start. I met my girl, and we made up. Next I went to the office of Mayor Hume of Vancouver and got a letter from him to the mayor of Hong Kong. (It turned out there was no mayor of Hong Kong, but that problem was still in the future.)

Day after day I tramped around Vancouver, trying to find transportation—any sort of transportation—westward. I soon discovered that Canadian Pacific Airlines was not interested in sponsoring a latter-day re-enactment of Jules Verne's story for the publicity value, if any. For sixty dollars down, however, I could buy a five-hundred-and-sixty-dollar, one-way flight to Hong Kong, on the "fly now, pay later" arrangement.

I canvassed the steamship lines. Someone who hasn't tried it wouldn't believe the number of assorted steamship agencies doing business in Vancouver. But none of them would give me a job, unless I signed on for the round trip. I haunted the offices of a dozen Vancouver businessmen and politicians who conceivably might be talked into helping me. Eventually, I talked four of them into putting up fifteen dollars each for the sixty dollars that CPA needed as down payment on my fare to Hong Kong. I took off on Sept. 26, lost Sept. 27 at the international date line, and reached Hong Kong via Tokyo next day.

I landed at Kaitack airport in Kowloon, Hong Kong's mainland "suburb," with twenty-eight dollars Canadian, which brought six times that number of Hong Kong dollars at a moneychanger's booth. I checked into the Kowloon Hotel, which could be described without libel as second-rate. Then I went out confidently to get a shipboard berth that would take me as far west as possible. A copy of the South China Morning Post I had seen on the plane featured a four-page section of steamship arrivals and departures. I reasoned that if steamship companies wouldn't take Westerners one way to the Far East, they should be willing to let me work my way out of the Orient.

Three days later, exhausted from tramping between ship agents, I was not one step closer to departure. Next I tried the air lines. Two companies, Thai

Airways and Cathay Pacific, took at least a fifty-percent interest in my plight: they offered passage to Calcutta or Singapore for half fare—eighty unattainable Canadian dollars.

I even got an offer of a free plane

ride, from a U. S. liaison officer. But the destination was in the wrong direction—Manila. I said no, thanks.

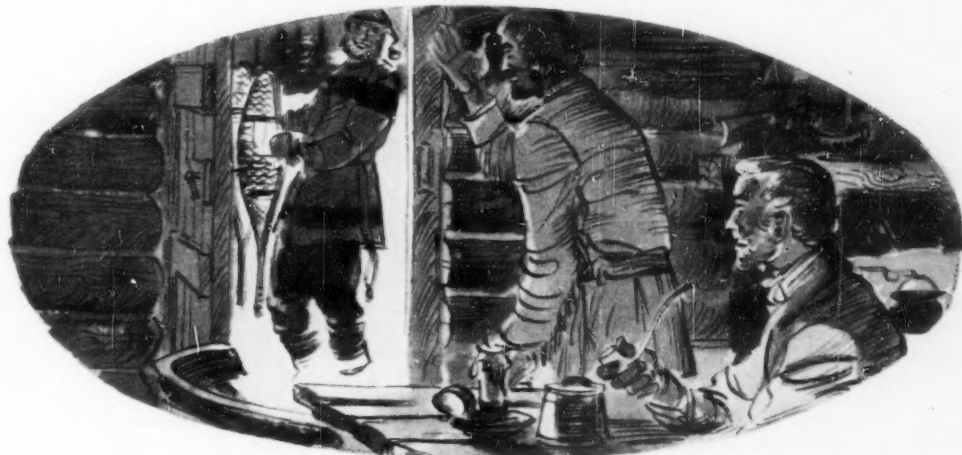
"Well," said the officer, "we've got a submarine leaving for Singapore."

"Swell," I said eagerly. The officer

looked startled and said he was only kidding. By then, I wasn't. A submarine was transportation.

Suddenly I remembered my letter to the mayor of Hong Kong. He might be able to use his influence to get me start-

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Implicit in these warnings, of course, is the suggestion that the people of so-called Catholic countries are compelled to remain loyal to the Church against their will. Any fair-minded person who really does "look at Spain" and other predominantly Catholic countries finds that they embrace Catholicism as a matter of choice, not compulsion.

People who take the trouble to "look" at the history of religious oppression are also often surprised at what they find. They discover that the religious persecutions—almost without exception—were actuated by political rather than religious purposes; and that the chief guilt for them should be laid at the door of the statesmen and ruling houses of the nations rather than the churches.

This fact was emphasized in an address to the Congress of the United States on January 8, 1826, by the then distinguished Bishop of Charleston, John England, who said: "...religion has been more frequently but a pretext with statesmen for a political purpose than the cause of persecution from zeal on its own behalf."

The Catholic Church, being universal, must exist under various flags and different political systems. In Colombia, for example, where the people are overwhelmingly Catholic, one statesman describes religion as "the fundamental pillar of our culture." The status of the Catholic Church in such a land would obviously be different than in the United States, where there are many



faiths—all entitled to the same rights and privileges.

In 1916 Cardinal Gibbons, dean of American bishops, said: "Separation of church and state in this country seems to Catholics the natural, the inevitable, the best conceivable plan, the one that would work best among us, both for the good of religion and of the state." Speaking for the Bishops in 1948, the late Archbishop McNicholas said U.S. Catholics would not seek union of church and state even if they constituted a majority.

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ed again. But when I tried to locate the mayor I discovered there was no such person. Hong Kong is a colony, not a city, and the head man is the governor, Sir Alexander Grantham. I telephoned Government House, explained about the letter to an aide-de-camp named White, and a little to my surprise was given an appointment for the same afternoon.

Wearing my cleanest clothes (and somewhat sensitive because that included my gaudy calypso shirt) I boarded the Kowloon-Hong Kong ferry. In honor of the occasion I rode first class. Fare: three cents. I should have stayed with the masses. When I put my hand into my pocket for bus fare at the other side, the feel of that still-fat bankroll of Hong Kong dollars was sickeningly absent. My pocket had been picked on the ferry.

I felt utterly beaten for the first time since I left Toronto. In panic I couldn't bring myself to spend even the almost valueless coins that remained for a bus ride. I walked up the long hill to Government House.

A half hour with Sir Alexander restored some of my morale. He was a pleasant easygoing man who, with perfect British aplomb, made me feel I was correctly dressed for a Government House audience. He spoke fondly of Jamaica, where he had spent happy years as colonial secretary before World War II. He was sympathetic, too, about my lost money and when I left he emptied his pockets and handed me a wad of bills. "This may help tide you over," he said casually. I resisted counting the windfall until I was out of sight of Government House. It was forty-five Hong Kong dollars.

I told Matt Lipscomb, the Kowloon Hotel manager, what had happened to me on the ferry. I expected him to explode, to call the police, to seize my baggage. Instead the big sombre man shrugged and said gently, "That's nasty for you. As for your bill, there's always the post, you know, when you get back home."

In gratitude I decided not to increase my debt to Lipscomb, but to move to the YMCA where as a member I could get a rate of a dollar sixty Canadian a day. Kowloon's "Y" sounds like something out of a smoking-car story—it houses both men and women. They're on different floors, however, and are kept virtuously apart. It's all as moral as any "Y."

The "Y" had a gift shop well patronized by soldiers. That gave me an idea. I worked several hours in my room finishing a couple of dozen sketches I had roughed out during my trip. The manager of the gift shop agreed to offer them for sale at ten Hong Kong dollars each.

In the first three days the soldiers bought fifteen sketches. Including the governor's forty-five dollars, that gave me nearly two hundred dollars. It meant I could pay off the Kowloon Hotel and bring my "Y" bill up to date. I figured the sale of even two sketches a day would keep me until I could find some way of moving on.

I made one miscalculation. Much the same group of soldiers used the "Y" so I ran out of customers. By the fifth day no sketches sold. The next day was Sunday. For the first time in my life I went a whole day without eating. Monday was no better.

Next morning I wrapped up a pair of almost-new slacks and went in search of a pawnshop. I consulted an enterprising rickshaw boy whose station was the front of the "Y" building. He called himself "Number One Boy" and I knew him by no other name. He recommended the shop of Won Cha Yung, in an alleyway two blocks away.

Won offered ten dollars after fingering the cloth expertly. I asked twenty and we compromised at fifteen. That would cover a day's lodging and cigarettes.

But I decided there wasn't much future in that system, pawning my possessions bit by bit in exchange for a bare existence. And in the end I'd be broke and no further ahead. I decided to pawn everything I had at once and enjoy myself for a few days. That would bring on the inevitable crisis a little sooner, but meanwhile I'd have seen a little Hong Kong life. I huddled up all my possessions except the clothes I wore and went to the pawnshop.

Won pushed aside my sleeping bag, winter coat and spare windbreaker with an impatient "no sale" gesture, examined my other clothes briefly, and peered through a jeweler's glass not only at my watch but at my ball-point pen and electric razor. He offered a hundred and fifty dollars. I demanded six hundred and I walked out with three hundred.

That was only fifty dollars in Canadian money, but Hong Kong is a town where money goes far. My first splash was at the Parisian Grill, one of Hong Kong's better restaurants. A filet-mignon dinner, with sherry before and coffee and liqueur after, cost me just over two dollars—and it would have been under two if I hadn't ordered coffee, one of Hong Kong's comparatively expensive items at sixteen cents a cup. Forty minutes of dancing and dallying with the partner of one's choice cost a dollar thirty in the decorous dance halls, with tea thrown in but coffee eight cents extra.

"What would they do to me?"

Even Hong Kong's clip joints are cheap. One place I was warned against as a sucker trap, but visited anyway, soaked the unwary twenty-four cents for beer instead of the usual sixteen cents elsewhere.

That first night out I fell in with three young English Ordnance Corps privates who really had something to celebrate: in a week they were sailing on a troopship for England, to be demobilized after a three-year enlistment. When the party broke up they asked me to visit them at Camp Sham She Po next day. Since I later involved them in things that might mean trouble for them with the army, I'll call them Paul Day, Butch Williams and Monty Phillips.

The camp was in holiday mood, what with a thousand men preparing to go home. We went down to the dock to have a look at the big white troopship, SS Oxfordshire. When we left I had made up my mind that somehow I would be aboard her when she sailed.

That night in a bar I gave the idea a trial run with the three soldiers. "I think I'll stow away on the Oxfordshire," I said lightly. They laughed.

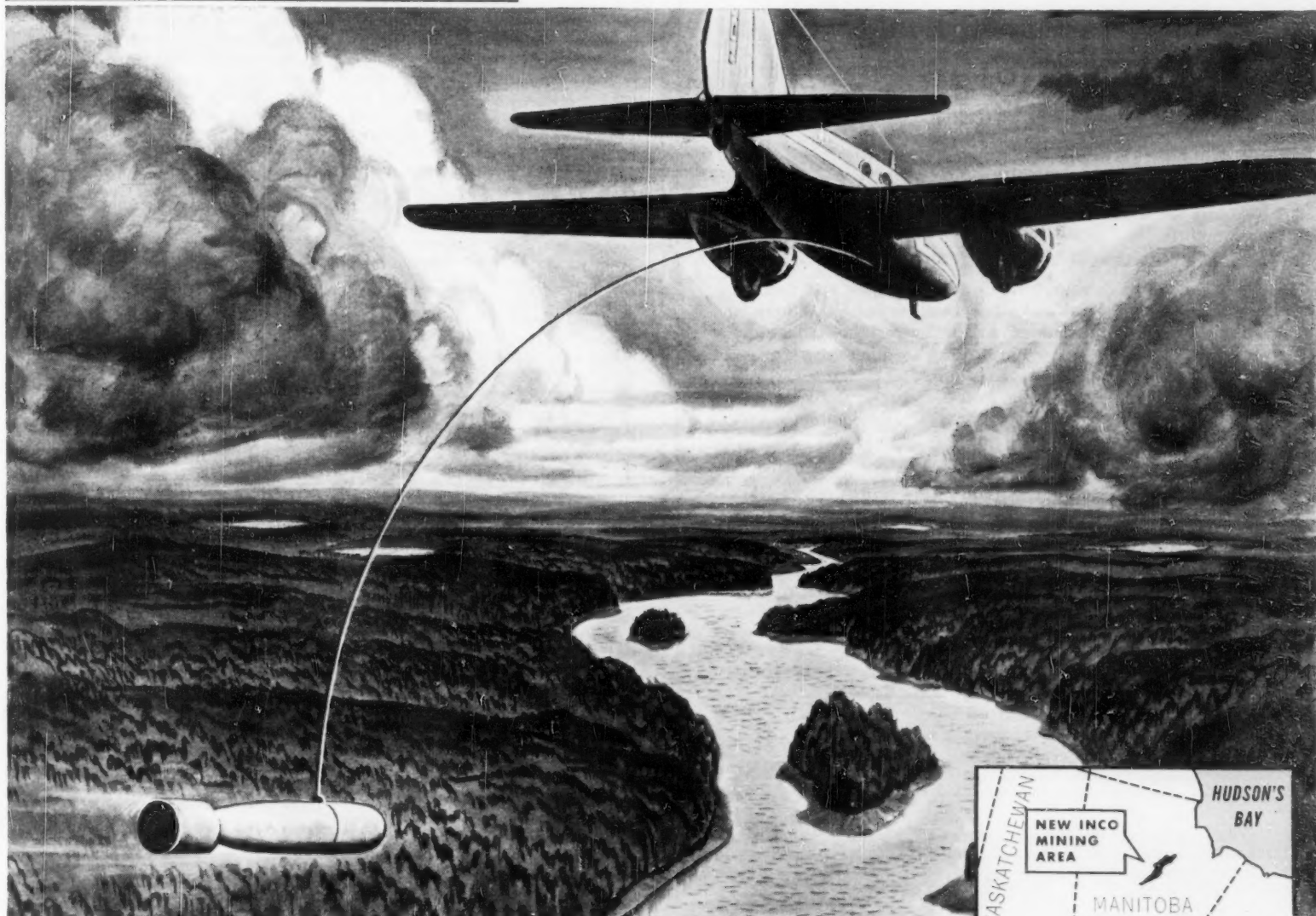
"Impossible," said Paul. "On embarkation day you couldn't even get on the dock without a pass. And if you did get aboard they'd find you at first ship inspection."

"What would they do to me?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

"When they got through reading the charges you'd feel lucky to escape hanging," said Paul. "Actually, it would probably mean thirty days' hard labor."

From then on I lived in a panic—but still determined to try what seemed the only way left to get out of Hong Kong. My plan to smuggle myself aboard in civilian clothes changed abruptly a day or two later when Butch Williams, sorting his gear, innocently offered me a spare tropical uniform with the suggestion that perhaps some tailor could con-

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This is the relaxing time of day. Work is miles behind me. I can smell the roast Irene has on the stove. I glance through the paper, one eye on TV. There's a glass of Canadian "74" Sherry in my hand.

Lovely wine, this. A smooth pleasant appetizer that sharpens the old taste buds. What I like about it too, is that it's a drink Irene and I can enjoy together. To us, it sort of lends a glow to an evening meal.

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vert it into non-military work clothes. I hurried to my room at the "Y", turning over meanwhile a plan that was more dangerous, yet more feasible. It would be easier to get aboard in uniform.

In my room I tried on the uniform, and groaned. I hadn't realized how much bigger Butch was. The uniform was over-size in every direction. I changed again and took the uniform down to the street where Number One Boy was leaning, as usual, on his rickshaw. I asked him to take me to a tailor who could alter the uniform while I waited. Number One Boy examined the uniform and said, "Why fix old uniform? I get you good fit one very cheap."

He dumped the uniform into his rickshaw and trotted off. An hour later he knocked on the door of my room and lugged in a huge paper parcel. It contained not one, but two uniforms; one, the jacketed, big-pocketed tropical dress uniform, the other, a standard battledress. Both fitted perfectly. Number One Boy's price was the old uniform plus twenty Hong Kong dollars. Where the almost-new uniforms had come from and why they cost so little I did not pause to enquire.

When I thought of the problems ahead I came to the conclusion, reluctantly, that I would have to take one of my soldier friends into my confidence. I chose Butch as being the most happy-go-lucky of the three. The night before the troopship was to sail I told him my intention. He took it calmly, but said he still didn't think it would work. There was the matter of identity cards that would be checked at the gangplank, for example. What's more, all enlisted men's luggage was already aboard and a man in uniform carrying a suitcase up the gangplank tomorrow would be stopped. He knew—he was on the luggage detail.

Butch told me that the only luggage going aboard next day would be that of Brigadier Haddon, the senior officer of the troop movement. His stuff was to leave Camp Sham She Po in a truck at two p.m. When I parted with Butch I said with what I hoped was assurance, "See you tomorrow aboard."

Back at the "Y" I packed my civilian suit, battledress, logbook, sketches and other odds and ends. On the suitcase I lettered the name I had chosen for myself: Pte. Morris, 2324/6768. The first four figures were important — the code number of the troop embarkation. The other numbers I had assigned myself. Over my name I Scotch-taped a black card left over from my sketching materials, and lettered in elegant silver paint: Brig. Haddon; SS Oxfordshire; Hong Kong to U.K.

Minutes before two o'clock next day, burdened with my suitcase and a bad case of the jitters, I arrived at the camp's motor-transport office. A sergeant was supervising a gang of coolies loading an assortment of trunks, wooden cases and straw baskets on the truck. I told him I'd been detailed to see that the suitcase I carried got on board with the rest of the brigadier's baggage. I added that I had been assigned to help him with the baggage movement, too.

That was the magic phrase. Tell a soldier that you were to help him, or relieve him of work or responsibility, and you were his friend, I discovered. The sergeant looked at my suitcase and winked. Heaven only knows what contraband he thought the innocent brigadier was sending aboard by special courier.

At shipside the sergeant assigned me to boss a quartet of coolies carrying the brigadier's hand luggage up the passenger gangplank while he supervised the hoisting of the hold baggage. Never, I'm

sure, were bewildered coolies more briskly chivvied up a gangplank. No one would have dared question a soldier carrying out his duty so smartly.

In a washroom I tore off the label with the brigadier's name, exposing my own. Then I went in search of Butch and Monty. When I found them they wouldn't believe their eyes. I asked about Paul Day. He had been the one most emphatic about the impossibility of stowing away on a troopship, and I wanted to show him that I had managed it. The others hadn't seen him for a couple of days.

I still faced knotty problems, of course, in addition to the imminent danger of being detected: how would I eat, and where would I sleep? The ship's loud-speakers announced that by tomorrow every soldier must have his meal ticket. Butch and Monty told me they had already been assigned spaces in the jam-packed triple-decker bunk rooms below decks.

I lined up and had a big dinner, just in case. When lights-out sounded I borrowed a blanket from Butch, crept out on deck, found a coil of rope in a corner



MACLEAN'S

and went to sleep. Next morning I was awakened by warning shouts from a deck-hosing party. When I looked around I was delighted to see that dozens of other passengers were sleeping on deck, too. It had become stifling hot below and they had drifted up with blankets and pillows. That solved the "where to sleep" problem.

In the breakfast line-up I told the checker I had mislaid my ticket. He swore at me for a fathead and told me the mess sergeant would issue me one replacement, "but only one, mind. You'll blooming well starve if you can't 'ang on to a little ticket."

I couldn't see the mess sergeant, of course, but the reliable Butch obligingly "lost" his own meal ticket and got a replacement. Thereafter I ate four meals a day (tea included) and can testify that the British Tommy is well fed. I gained ten pounds on the voyage.

On the second day out I got the worst scare of all. I spotted Paul Day across a crowded smoking room and pushed my way toward him. "Hi, Paul," I said. "I told you I'd make it." We looked at each other—and I was far more surprised than he. Because he wore the ominous armband of the Military Police.

I mumbled something and kept on going. All that day I jumped every time the clipped military voice boomed, "Attention please" over the ship's loud-speaker, feeling sure that the announcement that was to follow would spread the alarm for the apprehension of a stowaway.

The tension had almost reached the stage of nervous breakdown when I ran into Paul again. "Where'd you barge off to in such a hurry?" he asked. I told him I thought, as an MP, he'd turn me in. He laughed. "Heck, no," he said. "If I'd known you were going to do it I might have tried to stop you, but since you did it, well good luck to you. Besides," he added, "if I'd turned you in I'd have to fill in forms and give evidence and do all sorts of tedious things."

The rest of the voyage was trouble-free, a pleasant twenty-five-day sightseeing cruise via Singapore, Colombo, Aden, the Suez Canal (where there was no shore leave and no cameras allowed on deck), Limasol, Cyprus (which was quiet and dull), Gibraltar to Liverpool. There were some ticklish moments at disembarkation at Canada Docks in Liverpool, but presently I was on the troop train bound for London, in a carriage with Butch, Monty and a dozen others who had traveled with me for nearly a month but didn't know my story. In the last hour I decided to tell them the truth.

They flatly refused to believe me. I took Butch and Monty, plus my logbook and clippings, to convince them, and they kept shaking their heads and muttering, "I'll be blown."

Someone must have tipped off the newspapers, because a man from the London Express interviewed me—and also interviewed somebody at the War Office, who said darkly that the case was being investigated. When I read that, I decided to give myself up. It would be a terrible thing, I thought, to have the British War Office after me for the rest of my life.

I telephoned the War Office and eventually was connected with the man who was apparently handling my case. I told him who I was and that I understood he wanted to question me.

"Not at all," he answered, coldly. "We have considered the matter and have decided that nobody could possibly have done what you claim to have done. So the matter is closed."

That was a relief, if a little insulting to me. And I was still a long way from home. I went to Canada House where I told my story to two pleasant young men in the high commissioner's office. All that I asked, as a Canadian resident stranded in London and with no funds, was transportation back to Toronto. They told me there was a possibility of getting me a plane seat: the plane that brought over the Canadian purchasing mission to Britain would probably be returning to Canada on Nov. 22 with a few "dead-head" passengers. If I could get that plane I would be back in Toronto in just under eighty days.

On Nov. 22 Canada House told me the deal was off; Trans-Canada Air Lines had decided to send the plane back as a scheduled commercial flight. Fare: £146, nine shillings. I had less than one pound.

I knew exactly one person in London. He was the manager of an English finance company who had visited my boss in Toronto and had gone out on a couple of visits with me to study Canadian collection methods. He had said, "If you're ever in London, look me up." Now I was in London, so I looked him up.

He greeted me warmly, listened to my story and without hesitation said, "By Jove, it would be a shame if you didn't finish in time, after all you've gone through." He asked me what the fare was, and before my astonished eyes wrote a personal cheque for £146, nine shillings.

I thanked him dazedly, telephoned and got a reservation on the last seat on that

night's flight to Toronto, and hurried down to the TCA office. There was an Englishman on duty. He looked at my friend's personal cheque, then handed it back to me. "Sorry, we can't accept this," he said.

I felt weak with helpless rage, but finally managed to persuade the TCA man to try to verify the cheque. This took nearly an hour of telephoning: first to my friend, then to his bank where the TCA man managed to get the wrong person, who knew nothing of the account; then back to the cheque writer

and back to the right man. Finally I got my ticket and a cool apology.

I got to Victoria Air Terminal five minutes after the bus had left for the airport. London airport is fourteen miles from the terminal. Fare: £2, ten shillings. I had fifteen shillings.

But I had finished worrying. I sat in a comfortable chair and relaxed, utterly confident that nothing could go wrong now and I would somehow get to the airport in time.

Ten minutes later a TCA public-relations man asked if I was the passenger

who missed the bus. He had to go out to the airport and would give me a lift. We drove in a chauffeured car. An hour later I was eating my best meal in just under eighty days, one of TCA's champagne dinners.

At ten o'clock next morning I landed in Toronto, two hours less than eighty days since I had left; jobless, some hundreds of dollars in debt—but with a sort of illogical satisfaction in having answered that original question, "How far around the world could you get without a bankroll?" ★

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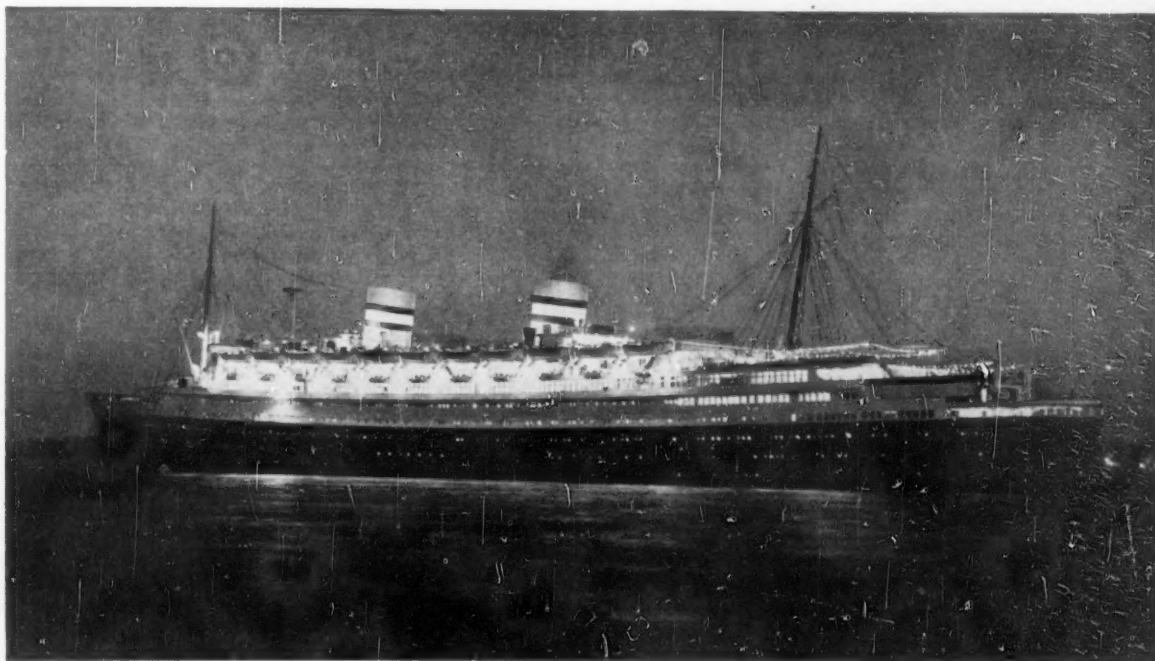
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London Letter continued from page 10

**"A chuckling fire in London is so Dickensian" —
but Bax would rather think about it in Jamaica**

with criminal incapacity in failing to prevent such a disaster? Here are Russians, Americans and Britons assuring each other that they can destroy whole cities with the same ease that a man could exterminate a beetle by stepping on it. Yet it is apparently not within the power of science to disperse a fog.

Heaven knows that this is a subject that attains absurdity without reaching the highlands of humor. For example, I am writing these words in the library of my house, which looks out on the terrace and the garden. The logs in the grate fire, buttressed by some odd pieces of coal, are giving cheerfulness to the scene plus a steady feeding of smoke to the chimney. It is so pleasant and Dickensian to have a fire that chuckles and spits, but the tens of thousands of chimneys, sharing the joke, are all spreading the death clouds of the skies.

It is an accepted fact that the open fireplace is an accessory to the fact. The fog that hides or distorts the warning signals of a railway line finds some of its origin in the massed battalions of London's chimney pots. If Britain were a totalitarian state Mr. Macmillan could order the destruction of all chimney pots and make oil the only available fuel in private homes. Fortunately, we are not a totalitarian state but if the people are given liberty they ought to treat it with responsibility. The London fog has inspired poets to grey dreams but I am all for doing away with Whistler's mists and Dickens' rhapsodies upon the Thames. At this time of the year I prefer the honest forthright river that I saw last summer in Fredericton, New Brunswick. It may not, like the Thames, be liquid history, but neither is it a dripping serpent wrapping itself in mist and plotting wicked things.

No man can disregard the obligations of his profession, his family and his

associates, nor can he ignore for too long either his critics or his friends. But I am now making a solemn vow that from December 20 to January 20 in each year that is allotted to me by the gods I shall not set foot in the United Kingdom unless parliament is unexpectedly recalled.

Where then shall we go after we have banished the United Kingdom just as Coriolanus banished Rome? Personally, I have a weakness for spending Christmas in New York. They really make a magnificent show of it all with myriads of lights ablaze and Good King Wenceslaus being acclaimed by Republicans and Democrats from ten thousand windows.

But New York tires of its visitors and one feels when the Christmas holiday is over that the itinerant pilgrim must move on. Shall it be Jamaica, which is only a very few hours from Gotham? How beautiful en route is the world above the clouds! There in solitary grandeur the plane carries us over billowing clouds made radiant by the uninhibited sun.

Two days ago we were in foggy shivering London and now we are—or could be—swimming in Montego Bay. There are rich folk in the hotels and there are smiling waiters to whom laughter still comes easily as with children. The rich men talk of oils and gilt-edged and industrialists and take a pretty dim view of the future. Two years ago in Jamaica I did not dare to leave the side of an American (worth at least forty million dollars) who was certain that any day he would wake up and find himself ruined. I almost offered him a five-pound note to cheer him up, but it didn't seem quite right.

That's the trouble with going to the sunny Caribbean. The calypso music lulls your critical sense, the white-crested waves make a pleasant ocean lullaby, the moon calls to the poet in one, for-



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getting that the poet creates a beauty of his own. The air is so soft, the background so pleasant, that there is no inspiration to write. Dickens would probably never have been heard of if he had not lived in that squat London suburb known as Camden Town.

It is, of course, part of the literary temperament, to imagine that a writer needs to be rejuvenated and inspired by foreign travel. The poet suddenly feels the need of moonlight over Hawaii or starlight on the Danube or sunset on the Solent. The case of Paul Gauguin is a classic example. There he was a young successful Paris stockbroker with a genius for money and a flair for painting. With five children and his wife dependent upon him he chucked everything but the painting. The end was sordid, tragic, pitiful.

That great and gifted figure of Scottish letters, Robert Louis Stevenson, could not endure the Scottish climate al-



**Answer to
Who is it?** on page 50

Mrs. Ellen Fairclough, who headed her own accountancy firm, became a Hamilton alderman, then controller. In 1950 she was elected MP for Hamilton West, and now, as Canada's first woman cabinet minister, is Secretary of State.

though he had a deep and pervading love for Scotland itself. When the winter set in he was miserable. "I must find the sun," he said, and sailed to the U.S. in an emigrant ship under conditions that did much harm to his health. Still in search of the sun, he settled in Samoa and was so impressed by the beautiful setting that he wrote those noble words:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

It might have been that Stevenson would have lived longer than his forty-four years if he had stayed at home and breathed the cold mists of the Highlands, but we shall never know. A mind of such breadth that it could write Kidnaped and Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in the same year would not have been influenced unduly by the weather.

At the moment I have a deep, almost passionate, desire to get away from this sceptred isle of England, which, as you know, is set like a jewel in a silver sea. If you have any doubts as to what island I mean, let me assure you that it is this garden of England. Speaking of gardens, is there anything so ridiculous as a huge

pear tree sans leaves, sans buds, sans color, sans everything, getting in the way of the little daylight that a London winter allows?

To think that by a wave of the hand, in other words the signing of a cheque, I could be swiftly in that splendid island citadel of rugged independence called Nassau. There is something wistful and appealing about very rich people meeting for intellectual discourse in their lovely dwellings set like white jewels in a no-income-tax paradise. One would imagine that the rich man would seek out the company of poets, philosophers, and even poseurs, but that is not the way of the wealthy. No lover, cruelly separated from his mistress, can be more anxious for news than rich men waiting to hear how the stock exchange closed, and gossip upon it.

What about a week at Nassau with my old pal Lord Beaverbrook? Just a week of tranquility and sweet accord, with no differences of opinion more violent than two swans rearing their necks in mid-pool. It is good to hear the charming tedium of the natives' calypso music; it is good to see the boats roped to the docks and to hear the far-off shouts from a launch or shipping yawl making its way to a pier.

But when you have praised the blue glory of the moon, or rhapsodized upon the golden glitter of the sun, where does one turn? Even the twinkling cocktail shaker loses its poignancy because one has nothing to forget.

I write the words with regret but it seems that there is no escape from living in London. I have rock 'n' rolled with the Canadian mountains and watched rich Americans drink sherry in a heat wave on Long Island; I have seen tycoons lunching in their Montreal clubs and have spoken to Mr. Diefenbaker and Mr. St. Laurent on the same day but not at the same time; I met the Mayor of Toronto — the one before last — and was given a gin and vermouth by the chairman of the Toronto Stock Exchange. How can a man, who has lived so fully, want or expect new experiences? They just don't exist, if you know what I mean.

Except in London! Ah, there's the rub...

Look at those myriad chimney pots as your train nozzles its way into the vast tuberosity of the metropolis. Thousands and thousands of chimney pots, belching fumes into the besotted air. And as a Londoner I am part of it all.

Think of the health-cold wind that is blowing through the main street of Winnipeg at this very hour! Where else can a wind get such a start that when it hits the city it is like a sweeping scythe of winter's blight?

The doctor says I have a hang-over of Asian flu and that it would be a good thing to go to a sunny clime and take it easy. But look at what happened to these expressionists who always thought that there was some heaven lurking beyond the mountains and the horizon. Robert Louis Stevenson buried himself with his own epitaph, Gauguin died of drink, Shelley got himself drowned and Byron died of a fever. The fates have always been jealous of men who challenge the omnipotence of the gods.

So perhaps I shall stay in colorless London with neither sun nor snow to break the bleak monotony. But if I listen carefully it may be possible to hear the Pipes of Pan sounding in the park at night.

The doctor says that the temperature is coming down a bit but I must stay in bed for another three or four days. I suppose doctors must say something. ★

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Overtime penalty

We're glad to report the law is right on the job in Lachine, Que., and shows no favorites. Police posted no-parking signs in front of the local arena for a recent hockey game, to clear an area in which officials could display a car for which a lucky draw was to be held at the game. After the lucky winner had had his picture taken and went to drive his prize home he discovered he'd collected not only a new car, but a ticket for parking it in a no-parking zone.

* * *

All those people who still think Toronto is a hard-hearted and unfriendly town can just stop it. This woman was driving to work down Oriole Parkway when she had a flat, and, not wanting to get all dirtied up changing tires, she called at the nearest house and asked to use the phone to call her garage. The gentleman who answered the door not only showed her to the phone, he then showed her into the living room and insisted she have a cup of coffee. Noticing her watching the clock anxiously, he suggested she pick up her car after work and drive downtown with him. En route he asked her where she worked, and then she asked him where he worked. He replied, "City Hall—I'm the mayor."

* * *

Grateful announcement in the Fredericton Gleaner: "The ladies of the Nashwaaksis United Church wish to thank their many friends who attended the first



large turkey dinner served in the new church hall, especially those who so graciously accepted ham as a substitute . . ."

* * *

A Parade Scout in Edmonton was spying for us the other day when a woman was trying to unpark from a solid line at the curb. First she drove ahead and rammed that car, then she backed up and rammed that car, then she drove ahead and banged the front car again; at which point its driver slowly climbed out from under the wheel and walked toward her. "Oh dear," wailed the woman, "I do hope I haven't damaged your car." "No," replied the other driver thoughtfully. "Maybe you'd better try again."

Notices recently went out that mail delivery would start in a new Ottawa subdivision on a certain date but only if a suitable receptacle were provided by each household. A citizen we've heard about bought himself one of those metal boxes you mount beside the door, but didn't get around to putting it up. Morning of the deadline his wife saw the post-



man coming down the street, saw him look up at their door, and march right on. But he hadn't gotten ten feet before she was chasing after him, holding out the mailbox beseechingly, and into it postie obligingly stuffed the mail.

* * *

The cobbler's family never have shoes to wear and this Vancouver mechanic's wife counts herself lucky if the family car runs at all. Well, it usually goes, but the windshield wipers hadn't worked for weeks in spite of her repeated entreaties. Then one day she drove right into the garage where her husband works, tugging valiantly at the wiper with a piece of string, and shamed him into fixing it while his pals chortled.

* * *

Modern poetry sometimes takes a lot of explaining and when typographical gremlins also get into the act, almost anything can happen—as it recently did in the literary periodical, Tamarack Review. The whole sad story came out in this detailed apology in a following issue:

"The editors would like to point out two typographical errors on page 85 of Issue Four:

"line 30: 'defeated' should read 'determined.'"

"line 35: 'manure' should read 'nature.'"

"We regret the misconstruction thus inadvertently placed both on Mr. Irving Layton's poetry and on Mr. Norman Endicott's judgment of it."

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